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"When the Wildwood Was in Flower."

A NARRATIVE

COVERING THE FIFTEEN YEARS' EXPERIENCES OF A STOCKMAN ON THE WESTERN PLAINS, AND HIS VACATION DAYS IN THE OPEN.

BY

G. SMITH STANTON,

Author of "Where the Sportsman Loves to Linger."

NEW YORK:
J. S. OGILVIE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
57 ROSE STREET.

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To those men and women who endured the hardships and braved the dangers of the frontier that their descendants might enjoy the comforts and benefits of civilization, this volume is dedicated.

PREFACE.

If the author's account herein of his experience with one of the gigantic trusts shall help to arouse public opinion to the necessity of crushing those great combinations ere they become the absolute dictators of our Government, this little volume will not have been issued in vain.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I. PAGE

NEW YORK TO "THE END OF THE LINE". 11

CHAPTER II.

FOLLOWING THE TRAIL..... 16

CHAPTER III.

LIFE ON THE FRONTIER..... 22

CHAPTER IV.

WINTER ON THE PRAIRIE..... 30

CHAPTER V.

RUNNING A STOCK RANCH..... 37

CHAPTER VI.

SHIPPING STOCK TO CHICAGO..... 46

CHAPTER VII.

ATMOSPHERIC DISTURBANCES..... 51

CHAPTER VIII.

UP AGAINST THE RED MAN..... 59

CHAPTER IX.

PAGE

THE PLAINS AND THE ROCKIES 65

CHAPTER X.

THE PASSING OF THE STOCKMAN 75

REMINISCENCES OF THE AUTHOR'S VACATION DAYS.

I.—LOST IN THE MAINE WOODS 85

II.—TAKEN FOR A GAME WARDEN 93

III.—HUNTING THE CARIBOU 97

IV.—CURING A "BUTTERFLY" 102

V.—THE OBLITERATION OF A "FIRST IMPRESSION" ... 108

VI.—LIFE AT A SPORTING CAMP 112

VII.—THE REFORMATION 120

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
West Point	12
On the Grade	14
The Alkali Overland Coach	16
"Hands Up!"	19
The Valley of the Boyer, Woodbine	20
This is "By"	23
A Prairie Wolf	25
The Valley of the Pigeon—"Stanton's Ranch"	28
The Author, When Mayor of Woodbine, Iowa	31
First Touch of Winter on the Northwestern	33
A Self-binder	38
The Beef Trust Will Get the Profit	40
The Home of the Stockman and His Herd	49
The Author's Wife and Her Indian Pony	53
"Texas," Our Mainstay	56
Little Wolf's Double	60
The Original American	63
Omaha	66
Denver and the Ever Snow-capped Rockies	69
Fryer's Hill in the Long Ago	71
The Little Pittsburg in the Good Old Days	73
My Last Bunch of Stock	77
Union Stock Yards, Chicago	79
Sportsman's Show, Madison Square Garden	86
Lost in the Maine Woods	91
On the Waters of the East Branch	95

PAGE
The Last Sleep of a Caribou..... 99
In the Bad Old Winter Time..... 100
Miss Butterfly as She is To-day..... 105
It Tastes Better in Closed Time..... 109
Chase's Carry..... 110
Where the Sportsman Loves to Linger..... 113
"Admiral" McNaughton and His Fleet..... 117
This is He, "Ah, There!"..... 123
The Author..... 129

When the Wildwood was in Flower

CHAPTER I.

NEW YORK TO "THE END OF THE LINE."

BACK in the early sixties, as the announcer of the arrival and departure of trains at the old Thirtieth Street Depot, New York City, over the Hudson River Railroad, was calling "Chicago express now ready," the author of this little volume, grip in hand, was about to follow the admonition of the greatest editor the New York *Tribune* ever had—"Go West, young man!" This particular young man had recently graduated from the Columbia College Law School, and on account of his health had decided to start a stock ranch on a large tract of land in western Iowa left to him in the will of his grandfather, Judge Daniel Cady. Think of the transformation from a law office in Nassau Street to an isolated stock ranch on the Missouri River! While the train was passing West Point we were performing the disrobing act prior to our taking advantage of the inventive genius of one Mr. Wagner. For eight hours of refreshing sleep we returned thanks to mine host Wagner. As we passed through the metropolis of the West, situated on the western shore of Lake Michigan in that one-time

bog-hole where Fort Dearborn once stood, little did I know what an important part in my future the Union stock-yards of that great city were to play.

What is now known as the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad was the first railway across Iowa, and it had rails

West Point.

laid at that time to the town of Montana, now Boone, about 200 miles west of the Mississippi River. I was glad to learn that "Pullmans" ran to the end of the line. Notwithstanding it is over forty years since I first saw that frontier town, still I can see it to-day as vividly as when I stepped from the train just as the sun was showing its head over the prairies of the Hawkeye State. Daily stages started for the West, but I thought I would tarry a day or two and look around. When I was attending Columbia College Law School in Lafayette Place, New

York City, we were living on West Forty-fifth Street. I always walked to and from the school. My course lay down Fifth Avenue to Broadway, and down Broadway to Astor Place. There was nothing about Boone that reminded me of Fifth Avenue or Broadway.

Imagine about two hundred one-story, detached, frame buildings, about every other one a saloon, gambling-house or dance-hall, strung along a street—simply a stretch of prairie about 60 feet in width—with not a tree in sight, crowded with a sample of every brand of citizen from border to border, and you can pretty nearly size up a town at "the end of the line." The buildings were thrown together, as it was only a question of thirty days before they would be again moved to "the end of the line." There was plenty of music and whiskey. Occasional fights added to the excitement. Tall, black-mustached, rough-looking men, with wide sombreros, their pants in their boots, armed cap-a-pie, jostled their way through the street looking for trouble and generally finding it. Young officers from the government forts, dressed in the uniform of the United States army, were sipping wine with straw-haired girls. Indians decked out with feathers, moccasins and a blanket, were on the still hunt for firewater to drink and dogs to eat. One of the Indians, more successful than the others, got too much firewater. He had shed his blanket, and, in the garb of Adam, with the exception of feathers on his head and moccasins on his feet, with a war-whoop, knife in hand, undertook to carve a way up the street. Above the heads of the retreating crowd circled a lariat, and as it settled over the red man's shoulders it tightened, and Mr. Indian bounced behind a cowboy's pony to the cooler.

Leaning against the bars were young men from the East, each a mother's hope and pride, who had left their

happy homes to seek their fortunes in the new Eldorado. The men behind the bar, those in front of it, and the fellow waiting to be asked, were trying to express their views at one and the same time. Capitalists from New York and England, with mining engineers, were on their way to

On the Grade.

the Rockies. Unhaltered mules wandered around the town, and every now and then some vicious cuss with his ears back would kick a swath down the thoroughfare. Lumbering oxen were slowly moving through the street yoked to wagons marked "U. S.," loaded with grain and provisions for the forts and reservations. Long lines of mule teams were constantly going down the grade carting scrapers, grain and grub.

It is astonishing the profanity it requires to build a railroad. If profanity were of intrinsic value and could be put in cold storage, I heard enough of it the two days I passed in Boone to pay the dividends on the stock of the Northwestern for generations to come. Prairie schooners loaded with the families and household effects of sons of toil from Indiana and Illinois were winding their way through the outskirts of the town to accept Uncle Sam's hospitality and settle on the great plains beyond. Herds of grass-fed cattle, smooth and fat, were arriving from the luscious grasses of the Missouri River plateau to be shipped to the Eastern markets, and paid-off cowboys would ride on bucking ponies through the dance-houses shooting daylight through the roofs. All night long ties and rails were being unloaded from gondola and box cars. There was one great satisfaction in it all, everybody was an American, and English the only language heard. The immigrant from the other side had not yet driven the American from the labor market. The sense of fair play pervaded the community, and there was a body of citizens always standing around who took particular pains to see that everybody, no matter who or what he was, got a square deal.

CHAPTER II.

FOLLOWING THE TRAIL.

THE second morning after my arrival I took the stage for the West. The outfit was similar to the now historic Deadwood Coach. With seven passengers besides myself,

The Alkali Overland Coach.

it started down the road for the bridge over the Des Moines River, and the limitless prairies beyond. Sitting bolt upright for thirty-six hours, with only short intervals to

stretch your legs and supply the inner man, was quite a change from the lower berth of a Pullman and "dinner is now ready in the dining-car." Think of the forty-niners; they had sixteen days and nights of it! They deserved the gold they got. Following one of the old stage routes across the plains would have been a bonanza for the "old hats" man of the city, as the road was strewn with hats jostled off from dozing passengers. Frequently passing us, both day and night, were horsemen going like the wind, whom I learned were special government and express messengers. During the night a feeling of lonesomeness came over me. At every turn of the wheels I felt myself going farther and farther from the Bowery. It seemed as if I were cutting loose from everything. I commenced for the first time to realize the situation, and was fast getting a case of "cold feet."

Think of leaving behind the gay Fashion Course and Hiram Woodruff, as we often saw him, holding the ribbons over some fast trotter! What a delight after the day's work was done to stroll down Broadway to Niblo's Garden, and after the show to drop into John Morrissey's for a midnight lunch, and to play the ace to win. What a pleasure it was to look across the footlights at old John Gilbert and Lester Wallack, or to feel your blood tingle as Edwin Booth in Hamlet would repeat the lines "Do you see nothing there?" What! never to see Dan Bryant and Dave Reed dance "Shoefly" again? The idea! What a recreation it was to go over to the Elysian Fields in Hoboken in the afternoon and see the Mutuals play the great American game, and in the evening see old Mike Phelan and Dudley Kavanaugh toy with the ivories! We often passed the time of day with Commodore Vanderbilt while driving through Central Park. How that gifted speaker, James T.

Brady, during the war, used to enthuse our patriotism! What a treat it was to drop into some forum and hear the learned Charles O'Conor lay down the law. Often have we gone to the large hall of Cooper Institute and listened to that graceful elocutionist, Wendell Phillips, deliver one of his famous lectures, and on Sunday morning to Brooklyn and heard Brother Beecher tell us what we had to do to reach the promised land, and in the afternoon to Coney Island, to eat clams on the half shell at the old Pavilion, see the three-card monte men fleece the unsophisticated, and try to wash our sins away among the great combers of the deep.

I was leaving all this, and more, and what for? My health. Can health come to the body with the mind in gloom? Why couldn't we all have health all the time? God help the one who has the money and the health question to contend with at the same time. One is always being neglected for the other, and, under the pressure of the combination, frail humanity soon gives way.

What a sweep there is to the imagination and what timidity comes with the stilly night! I felt as if I wanted to jump from the stage and bolt back to Boone, and very likely would if I hadn't suddenly been brought to my senses by a sharp command—"Halt, throw up your hands!" two shots almost simultaneously, a crack of the whip, and the sudden lunge of the stage forward. I soon learned that a lone bandit had attempted to hold us up, and had been shot by the Wells-Fargo express messenger who sat beside the driver. I was satisfied to sit still. Instead of meditating, I was congratulating myself that I was alive and my money safe. It is an old but true saying that we never know when we

are well off. That little episode dispelled the gloom, and "Richard is himself again."

At dusk on the second day we had covered the one hundred miles between Boone and a little hamlet forty miles east of Council Bluffs, consisting of a store, a post-office, a tavern, two houses and a mill, known as Woodbine, my destination. Not very exhilarating surroundings to a youth fresh from Broadway. Little did I know that years after-

"Hands Up!"

ward a flourishing municipality by the same name would be built near by on the Northwestern Railroad, and I would have the honor of being its mayor.

The last twenty-five miles were down the far-famed valley of the Boyer River, afterward to prove to be one of the most productive valleys of one of the best agricultural States of the Union. It was a lovely spring day. In the early morn the soft, melodious crowing of the prairie chickens greeted us. The prairies were decked out in the flowers

of the wild, and as we bowled along it seemed as if Nature was doing all she could to make us welcome. Everything was quiet, peaceful and content. A few years ago I passed down the same valley. What a change in forty years! It was gashed by two railroads, and where the prairie flower once bloomed and the wild game flourished, and the Indian, the only contented individual who ever inhabited America,

The Valley of the Boyer, Woodbine.

roamed at will, were hard-working toilers trying to eke out an existence. Little hamlets were scattered here and there, with the daily life similar in all communities, containing more shadow than sunshine, and the question was forced upon me, would it not have been better if the transformation had never been made?

Twenty miles from Woodbine, in the isolated valley of the Pigeon River, I was to live for the next fifteen years. Near Woodbine on a stock ranch lived the man with whom

I had become acquainted through correspondence, the one whom I sought and who willingly assisted me in the enterprise in which I was about to embark. A man made after God's own image, no more upright, honorable human being was ever born than the one whom I was afterward to be associated with in the great cattle industry of the plains, Byron C. Adams, better known all over the West and to every shipper of live stock to Chicago as "By" Adams, and I hope there is a hereafter that I may meet my dear friend again.

CHAPTER III.

LIFE ON THE FRONTIER.

THE spring, summer and fall were passed constructing the necessary buildings, getting together provender, and scouring with "By" the western part of the State for stock as a starter. The fellow who made the statement that horseback riding was the best outdoor exercise of all, hit the bull's-eye plumb in the center. The pale, sickly law student from 49 Nassau Street, commenced to put on color. "By" was constantly giving me pointers on the stock business. Gathering up steers here and there, and then trying to drive the bunch with every one of them wanting to bolt back home, keeps a fellow sliding on the saddle. For my health while in New York City I attended John Wood's gymnasium on Twenty-eighth Street, and rode horseback through Central Park; but trying to head a steer on the prairies of the West, for healthful exercise, takes the blue ribbon over all the gymnasiums and bridle paths in the universe.

I will never forget the day that "By" and I were driving a bunch of stock, and he called my attention to a particular steer who kept craning his neck and looking back. "By" told me that fellow would bolt before long, and when he did he would take after him and wind him, and I was to try and hold the rest of the herd. Shortly, with tail in

the air, the animal whirled and bolted back over the prairie and disappeared over a hill with "By" after him with his stock whip circling in the air. I had little difficulty hold-

This is "By."

ing the herd, as they were hungry and commenced feeding. I rode to the top of the nearest hill to get a view of the process of winding a steer. Every once in a while among the hills I would catch a sight of "By" and the

steer and could hear the stock whip as it snapped pieces of hide from the animal's back. In about half an hour I saw the animal coming back with "By" riding leisurely in the rear. The animal's tongue was hanging out about a foot. As we started the herd along, "By's" friend took the lead, and seemed willing to admit that the man on horseback is a dangerous proposition.

One of the first acquaintances I formed in the West, of the animal kingdom, was the prairie wolf or coyote. The wolf has a few ideas worth taking note of. His den is a hole in the ground, but dug in such a way that neither the elements nor his enemies can get at him. He usually selects a side hill and digs a hole down about eight feet at an angle of forty-five degrees and then goes up about two feet and excavates the den. Here the little wolves are born, but there is no "little window where the sun comes peeping in at morn." When the rain comes it runs down the incline and at the bottom soaks away, but the den is high and dry, showing the wolf had a great head. If anything crawled down the hole, when it struck the angle the wolf would be above it, and it is generally the case in this world that the fellow who is on top when the row begins has the advantage, and the wolf family seem to be aware of that fact and build their habitations accordingly.

My dog Texas and the wolves were great friends. Often early in the morn we would see the dog playing with the wolves along the Pigeon. One old wolf, in particular, and Texas seemed to be the best of friends; the wolf would chase the dog down the river bottom, and then "Old Tex," in turn, would chase the wolf, and then they would rear up and clinch. Thus would the wild and the tame meet on the level and act on the square. All "nature fakirs"

agree that animals of similar species communicate with each other. I often wondered, as I saw "Tex" and the wolf momentarily resting from the fatigue of the play, with their noses together, what they were saying. That is beyond the

A Prairie Wolf.

imagination to fathom, and what would I not have given to have had my curiosity satisfied!

The saying "keep the wolf from the door" does not refer to the prairie species, for if there was ever a coward it is the prairie wolf. He never had sand enough to go

near anybody's house, let alone the door, so if the bank account of any reader of this little volume is nearing the zero mark and he sees a wolf heave in sight, he need not worry if it is of the prairie species.

Every animal has a means of defense, and the Supreme Being when he made a prairie wolf knew he was making a quitter, so he gave him the most unearthly yell of all the four-footed animals. If you didn't know there was a coward back of that yell you might feel a little nervous. Shakespeare must have had the prairie wolf in view when he coined the phrase, "Sound and fury signify nothing." If any college could get on to that yell, the others would certainly throw up the sponge. The prairie wolves generally travel in pairs. They have the habit at night of sitting on different hills and yelling wireless messages to each other, and, as the unearthly noise echoes and re-echoes among the hills, it is anything but a pleasant lullaby. The only time they show any grit is when they are in a pack and half famished. I never knew of their killing a human being, but I don't know what might have happened to a mail-carrier on one occasion if some of my men and I had not dropped around at an opportune time.

Before the days of the railroads the mail was carried across Iowa by relays. A relay was from one county seat to that of an adjoining one. The mail route between Harlan in Shelby County and Magnolia in Harrison County, a distance of fifty miles, passed through my land. I was a little out of the direct line, but on account of a shallow ford across the Pigeon River, which ran through my place, the mail route made a slight detour. My place was about half way between Harlan and Magnolia, and the mail-carriers generally stopped with me for dinner, and I was glad they did, as they brought "the latest news

from the front." The mail-carrier's outfit consisted of a horse and a buckboard. They generally carried a half dozen pouches. Everybody in those days went armed, as bands of Indians occasionally circled around, and horse and cattle thieves were on the lookout to catch you napping. Colt's revolvers were the means of defense.

One day when the carrier was due from the east, I was out with some of the boys in search of a couple of two-year-olds we hadn't seen with the herd for several days. We were leisurely loping along when off to the east on a divide about a mile away we saw the mail-carrier with his horse on the jump followed by a pack of wolves. We saw him throw something overboard, which stopped the pack for a minute or two. It was a mail bag. We started in full gallop for the ford, and as we came up the bank we saw the mail-carrier coming at breakneck speed down a long hollow leading to the ford, with the pack at his heels. It was lucky for him that his horse had good wind and was sure-footed, or it might have been a case for the coroner, although I believe if the fellow had stood his ground he might have scared them off. Where he made a mistake was that all he carried as a means of defense was an old horse-pistol. We fired our revolvers as we rode up the hollow, hoping to attract the attention of the wolves, which it seemed we did, for they slackened their pace and as we came up they slunk away.

The horse was all foam and the carrier as white as a sheet. I helped him to the ranch, sending the boys back on the trail to gather up the scattered mail. That night the carrier told us he wouldn't cross that prairie again for the proceeds of all the star routes in the State. And, sure enough, that was his last trip. I didn't blame him, as it was a lonely twenty-five miles, without a habitation. He

must have told the man who took his job of his experience, for when the new mail-carrier arrived his outfit looked like a battleship. He had guns and ammunition enough to kill all the wolves in the State.

The fellow the wolves took after, told us the only thing that saved his life was that about a mile back from where we saw him he shot one of the wolves and the pack stopped

The Valley of the Pigeon, "Stanton's Ranch."

to eat it up. It does seem that the saying "dog eat dog" is ever being enacted. One would think that kind would protect kind, but it is not always so with wild animals, or domestic, for that matter. Take even the poultry yard. Any breeder of poultry knows that if one of the birds gets sick or injured, the others pounce upon him. Humanity for the moment stands aghast at such horrors, but how about this same humanity? How does the society lady treat her fallen sister? What do the men do to their

former business associate as he starts down the toboggan? Yet we pose as teachers of the heathen!

Every good story having a Western brand was during the war repeated by the friends and enemies of President Lincoln as "Old Abe's last." One of the stories appropriated as one of Abe's actually originated in the court house at Harlan, Shelby county, Iowa, and a lawyer by the name of Joe Smith was the originator. As already stated, my place on the Pigeon was about half way between the county seats of Shelby and Harrison Counties. I often entertained the court and bar as they passed from one county seat to the other. They were a witty and bright lot of fellows, but poor in purse. Their clothes had seen long service and represented all the styles before the war. Joe was a great wit, and, unfortunately, always broke. Once while attending court at Harlan and while waiting for his own case to be called, he got quite interested in the case which was being tried. The seat of the trousers of one of the attorneys who was trying the case was worn through, and as he wore a sack coat and while addressing the jury would lean forward, one could see through the hole in the trousers the white shirt within. A philanthropic brother attorney had drawn up a subscription paper and passed it around among the lawyers for signature, the purport of which was to buy the brother attorney a new pair of trousers. Seventy-five cents in those days would have accomplished the mission. When it came Smith's turn to sign, he, being broke as usual, wrote the following endorsement on the subscription paper: "On account of my financial condition I am unable to contribute anything toward the object in view."

CHAPTER IV.

WINTER ON THE PRAIRIE.

THOSE who never passed a winter on a Western prairie have but a faint idea of the meaning of the word. One of the coldest and severest I ever passed was when I was mayor of Woodbine. The mercury sank into the bulb of the customary thermometer, and it required a spirit thermometer to register the cold. One night it touched forty-four degrees below zero. Clerks who slept in the stores froze their ears while in bed. Wooden sidewalks lined the streets of the town; all through the night there was a fusilade of thuds sounding like shots from muffled guns. It was the nails springing from the boards, caused by the intense cold. It was that night and the thermometer at the hotel where I stopped, which formed the foundation of the story about the nail freezing off on which hung the thermometer. It seems the nail shot out, the thermometer falling to the ground. "Sun dogs" accompanied the sun by day, and the northern lights the stars by night.

The greatest sufferers on the frontier from the winter blasts were the four-footed animals, on account of the lack of protection. It was all the newly arrived immigrants could do to find shelter for themselves, let alone the stock. I have had calves born in cornfields when it was twenty below zero. The little ones seemed to weather the con-

The Author, When Mayor of Woodbine, Iowa.

ditions, though often losing their tails. Worse than the clear cold were the blizzards. They were the boys that made "Rome howl." Neither Webster's nor Worcester's

dictionaries contain words which can do justice in describing a Western blizzard. The nearest building to my house was within about two hundred and fifty feet. The duration of a blizzard is generally three days. In one particular blizzard lasting the usual limit I never once caught sight of that building.

I still remember a snow storm which covered to the depth of about three feet a hog lot in which there were over one thousand hogs. In looking over that mantle of snow no one would have surmised that thereunder were over one thousand hogs peacefully snoring the happy hours away. The evening before was unusually warm, and the hogs went to sleep in the open lot. During the night it grew cold and the snow began falling, but the hog, being one of the laziest animals on earth, hugged the ground. In the morning, with scoop shovels, we dug them out. In digging down, as we would strike a hog the fellow would give an angry snort, as if to say, "Why the devil can't you let a fellow alone?" After a blizzard was over the first navigators were men on foot, then came the man on horseback, and then the sleigh. Sometimes during the blizzard the herd would break from the corral and go with the storm, often perishing in their tracks.

The railroads over the prairies had their experience also with the beautiful snow. Before the time of snow fences the trains were often stuck in the cuts. I remember after one storm, in particular, that the Northwestern never turned a wheel for three weeks. I saw a freight train of forty cars in a cut completely covered over, with nothing in sight but the smokestack of the locomotive. The trainmen had retreated to the nearest farm house. I have heard of a span of horses coming into town with the driver sitting upright in the seat, reins in hand, frozen to death.

I have no doubt whatever that in the intense cold of the Northwest a human being can freeze to death without the least pain and not knowing he is freezing. With one of my men I had an experience that would confirm that opinion. While operating my stock ranch the territory over which I had absolute ownership consisted of two square

First Touch of Winter on the "Northwestern."

miles. The buildings were on the southerly end of the property. That particular winter several stacks of hay were at the northern end of the ranch. On account of a scarcity of hay at the feed yards I and one of the men started for the other end for hay. There was two feet of snow on the ground, the wind was in the north, and it was twenty-five below zero. A hay-rack is as well ventilated a conveyance as any fresh-air fiend could desire.

While going up we sat opposite each other. A white spot would commence to show itself on my face and my man would say, "Mr. Stanton, your left cheek is freezing." A rubbing would restore circulation. The next minute I would see some part of his face turn white. "Dick, your right ear is freezing," and that was the condition over the two miles; but when we arrived at the hay-stack and got alongside of it with the horses' noses to the south, you would have thought we had gone crazy the way we jumped into that stack. It was either work or freeze. As we traveled back with our circulation restored, the wind at our backs, the sun shining down upon us as we hugged into the hay, we could hardly realize that a few moments before we were actually freezing and didn't know it.

Being a lover of animals, nothing disturbed my slumbers more than when one of those terrific blizzards was on, for I would realize the suffering of those dumb animals who looked to me for protection. No matter how much lumber and nails you used, those awful winds would find an opening; even a knot-hole seemed to be enough At last I solved the problem, and my scheme was followed by all my neighbors. Instead of stacking my small grain in the fields where it was cut and thrashing it there, and, as was usually the custom, burning the straw, I had the bulk of the unthrashed grain hauled to one of the cattle-yards and stacked alongside of a pole-shed I erected. I selected a level place about forty feet square and built a shed of heavy forked poles about ten feet long, set them in the ground about three feet, and about ten feet apart, laid poles and brush across the top, and, with the exception of a narrow entrance in the southern exposure, boarded the shed on the outside. When the grain was thrashed we set the thrashing machine so that the straw-carrier

was over the shed. After the grain was thrashed, the straw covered the shed to the depth of, say, twenty feet, and at least fifteen feet thick all around it. No wind could penetrate fifteen feet of straw. Looking at that immense straw pile one would little surmise that in the center of it was a shed forty feet square and seven feet in the clear. With the exception of the entrance I built a barbed-wire fence around the straw pile. With the boards on the inside and the fence on the outside, the cattle could not disturb the straw. When the blizzard was on I knew that at least some of my cattle were as comfortable as myself, and as I would look out of the entrance of my straw pile shed at the howling blizzard I could realize the protection and comfort of the Esquimaux in his hut in the frozen north.

As one rode over the prairies of western Iowa in the early sixties he could see the bones of wild animals that had become extinct. Frequently you would see the horns of deer nearly consumed by time and the devastating prairie fire. Up to and during the early fifties, herds of buffalo, elk and deer roamed over western Iowa and eastern Nebraska, contiguous to the Missouri River, but the terrific winters of the middle fifties drove the buffalo toward the foothills of the Rockies, and exterminated the elk and deer. One of the winters of the middle fifties was known for years as "the winter of the deep snow." The snow was so deep and fell so level that the deer were unable to reach food or shelter, and became an easy prey to man, but more particularly to the wolves. The wolves could skip over the crust of snow while the poor animal, with its sharp hoofs, would break through to its belly and become an easy prey. The buffalo was also exterminated, not by the elements, but by man. Thousands were killed

simply for their skins. Man is forever hunting the wild, often simply for its head, skin or plumage, and where there are no wild animals to kill or pelts to obtain, he then turns on his fellow man, and tries to remove the hide from him.

CHAPTER V.

RUNNING A STOCK RANCH.

It was while I was in Iowa that the transformation came in the harvesting of small grain. I saw the transformation from the cradle, not to the grave, but to the self-binder. The advent of the railroad brought us the modern machinery. The cradle was laid aside for what was known as the dropper, a machine which cut the small grain, it falling on to a wicker platform, and when of sufficient quantity to make a bundle the driver would drop the platform and the grain slid off. It required six men to keep the grain bound up, before the next round. The next improvement was the Marsh harvester. With that machine three men accomplished what it took seven with the dropper. The three men rode on the machine. The Marsh harvester cut the grain, elevated it to a scoop receptacle, alongside of which stood two of the men on a platform binding the grain. The next machine and the most complete that any one could desire was the self-binder. Think of driving into a field of grain with a machine that a boy could handle, which would cut the grain, elevate it into a receptacle, circle each bundle as it formed with twine, tie the twine into a knot, cut the twine and throw the bundle, tightly bound, clear of the machine, and immediately repeat the operation; such was the self-binder.

What a godsend to the "women folks" was the self-binder! In the days of the dropper they had to bake bread for a week, kill all the chickens on the place, and peel a barrel of potatoes to feed a lot of hungry harvesters. With the self-binder there were only the regular household, no transient guests. Many a bright summer's morning I have driven into a field of yellow grain with my self-binder, with

A Self-binder.

the ribbons over three horses abreast, comfortably seated in a cushioned seat with a canopy to protect me from the hot rays of the sun, with a long straw, I on one end and an occasional mint julep on the other, and, before the sun went down, with the aid of one of the boys, put twenty-five acres of grain into the shock, and never turned a hair.

As the great prairies began to settle up, and the range

cut off, the day of grass-fed cattle saw its finish. Corn-fed steers came instead. Thousands of acres of prairie were broken up, corn planted, and the cattle yarded to be fattened and shipped to the Eastern markets. Absolutely nothing but corn was fed. It was fed in the ear, broken about twice in two and fed in a large box, similar to a table and about as high. The droppings from the cattle were as yellow as corn meal; in fact, it was ground corn, so to speak. In all feed-yards there were twice the number of hogs as of cattle; the hogs were fattened from the droppings of the steers. We calculated what passed through one steer would fatten two hogs. The cattle ate the corn, the hogs the droppings, and we ate the hogs.

The feed-lot was the cause of the dehorning of cattle. As it is with humanity, about every other steer wanted his share and part of the other fellow's, and some, after they had eaten all they could, tried to keep the others away. The result was they were continually prodding each other, and dehorning was a necessity for fattening purposes. It was also a godsend to the shipper. The dehorning process was simply to run the steers into a shute that narrowed as it led on to where only one steer could stand. We would then clap a clamp over his neck, and, with a common hand-saw, saw his horns off close to the head. I was not aware of the anatomical formation, so far as the horn is concerned, of the head of cattle until after I had done my first dehorning. I was riding over the range shortly before sundown a few days after some dehorning, and as I glanced at a steer I saw the sun right through his head. It seems the horn of cattle is hollow; that is, there is simply a pith in it. Sometimes the pith dries up. In the case of this animal the pith had fallen out, leaving a hollow through his head. I have heard of "the wind blew through his whis-

kers," but I never saw a case before where it blew through his head. That steer should never get excited, as the wind blowing through his head would certainly keep his brain cool.

How much pleasanter it is to handle an intelligent animal than a stupid one. What a difference there is between

The Beef Trust Will Get the Profit.

a horse and a horned animal. Though the ground is covered with snow the horse has intelligence enough to know that there is plenty of feed underneath, and paws to it, but the cattle will stand and starve to death. It used to make me so mad that I felt like grabbing them by the horns and shoving their heads down to the grass.

In my life on the prairies, where neighbors were few and far between, the most dangerous element to contend

with was the prairie fires. In my boyhood days, as a hunter in the Adirondacks, I learned never to go into the North Woods without a guide. In the fall of the year never go out on the prairies of the West without a match. Many a time while traveling afoot, horseback or in my old Schutler wagon, I saved my life when I saw a prairie fire coming by setting fire to the grass and driving on to the burned portion. There is nothing more entrancing than to watch a prairie fire, especially at night, yet it is anything but entrancing when it is coming with a high wind toward your earthly possessions. I have lost miles of fence and hundreds of tons of hay through prairie fires, and have back-fired against it and fought it up hill and down twenty-four hours at a stretch.

What a dreary waste back in the early sixties was the country west of the Mississippi River! Miles upon miles of unoccupied land with not a tree to break the monotony of that undulating plain. The only timber in Iowa was a fringe along the river bank and here and there a grove. God provided for the early settlers, where fuel was concerned, by allowing an occasional grove of timber to escape the devastating fire of the prairie. The early inhabitants of Iowa settled in or near the groves. The cold winters necessitated this. Before the advent of the railroad the fuel question was an important one. On the plains of Nebraska there was no timber. The Lord evidently had no idea anybody would settle there. The early settlers in that State set aside a field of corn for fuel. There is worse fuel than ear corn. On the advent of the railroads, coal became the universal fuel. As the great prairie settled up, groves of trees were planted and hedges set out, and that barren waste of the sixties was transformed into a beautiful wooded landscape.

About the only recreation of the farmer on the Western prairie was to go to town. With the tired housewife and little ones tucked in a wagon, off they would go. The town was the Casino of the farmer. It was the meeting place of the isolated settlers. On all the holidays the farmers went to town. All kinds of excuses were offered to "get to go" to town. I recall that the whole countryside went to town one day to see the eclipse of the sun. With the coming of the iron horse came the styles from the East, the money-shark, and discontent. In the good old days everybody was contented. Mortgages, a stranger in the land heretofore, began to appear on the records. On my way to town one day I met one of the old settlers, who said: "Well, Stanton, I have mortgaged the farm to one of them 'ere money critters. I had to pay ten per cent. interest, by gosh! and a bonus, I think they called it, to git the money. Betsey said she wouldn't wear that darned old sunbonnet to town again. My boy told me he would leave the farm if I didn't get him a top-buggy to take his gal out riding, and our little girl has cried ever since she see'd that young lady git off the cars at Woodbine with them high-heel shoes and a feather in her hat. Well, I be dog-goned, Stanton, if I ain't going to see some of this life with the rest on 'em."

There were two rules which everybody followed—never pass a rattlesnake without killing it, and when you went to town, call for your neighbor's mail. I use the word neighbor, but it hardly applies to the situation, as the word "neighbor" with me covered a circuit of forty miles in diameter. I was amused at a remark a fellow made when I settled on the Pigeon. His nearest "neighbor" was fourteen miles away. My location was about six miles from him, whereupon the fellow made the remark: "Well, I

guess I will have to move; neighbors are getting too thick." Speaking of rattlesnakes, the Indian was the only individual who let the rattlesnakes alone. The rattlesnake will always give you warning and will not attack you unless first attacked. The Indian seemed to appreciate these two cardinal virtues of the rattlesnake. The bite of the rattler is deadly poison and an antidote is necessary to save life. Whiskey was as good an antidote as one could take, and no larder was complete without it. A weakness of one of my neighbors was partaking too freely of the "Oh, be joyful"; in fact, he was under the influence more times than over it. Yet he offered a very sensible excuse: "You see, boys, it is this way. When one of you fellows gets stung with a rattler you rush all over the neighborhood, losing lots of time, hunting for whiskey, and often die before you get it; but when a rattler jumps me, the remedy is already there, and I keep right on plowing." Mud is also a remedy. I recall one time visiting an isolated stock ranch, and, as we approached, we saw the only herder in a peculiar position on the ground. As we came up to him he had one leg bare to the knee in a hole in the ground, with a pail of water beside him, and he was tamping wet dirt around the leg. He had been bitten by a rattler and was applying the only remedy at hand.

What a comfort were letters and newspapers in our isolated homes! It was a long way to the post-offices, so the rule of getting each other's mail was strictly adhered to, and often, when taken from the post-office, it was a long time and by circuitous routes before it finally reached the owner. When one got his neighbor's mail it was not expected that he would go miles out of the way to deliver it. Sometimes it would be a week reaching its final destination. One of the most disagreeable nights I ever

passed was trying to locate a letter with other mail which had been taken out of the post-office by one of my neighbors.

There was a young lady from the East visiting us at the time, who was a great letter writer, and I thought she would drive us all crazy trying to figure out how she could get her mail to and from the distant post-office. On one of my trips to town I found my mail had been taken out the day before by one of my neighbors. The postmaster was unable to tell to whom he delivered it. It wasn't a matter of great concern to me, as I knew it was safe somewhere and would eventually get around. On my return home I made a great mistake. Instead of saying there wasn't any mail, I said it was taken out by somebody. The words had no sooner left my mouth than our guest gave a yell like a Comanche Indian and almost had a fit. It seems she was expecting an important letter. All her letters, both going and coming, seemed "important," and those going were generally marked "in haste." As evening approached the more hysterical she got. My wife told me there wouldn't be any sleep in that house that night if I didn't strike out and get that mail.

It was more than a night's ride to all my neighbors, so I divided up the territory with one of my men. He was to cover one-half and I the other. I was in hopes that my nearest neighbor, who was five miles away, would be the man, but there was no such luck in store for me. If I had known what was ahead of me I would never have left the place, but slept in one of the barns. There was nothing delightful riding over the prairies by moonlight alone, trying to steer clear of dogs while waking your neighbors up in the middle of the night. The first streak of daylight was shedding its luster over the horizon as Captain Dyes'

place near Gallon's Grove came in sight three miles away. The captain's was the last place on my list. As I left the last place before the captain's—the distance between the two being seven miles—I came near starting home, believing my man had gotten the "important" letter on his route. It was lucky that I didn't turn back, as the captain had the coveted prize. Old Sol was showing his scalp above the prairie grass as I reached the captain's. In the cattle-yard was the captain milking the cows. I propounded the now stereotyped question, "Got any mail for me?" "Yes," came back the reply. "Well, Cap, for God's sake let me have it." I explained the situation, and he laughed so hard he rolled off the milk stool. Headachy and hungry, I started for my home, fifteen miles away. When I arrived, the house was in an uproar. Nobody had slept a wink. The young lady had collapsed at 2 A.M., and they had sent for a doctor. My man had returned at that hour with the report that some mail had been lost by Bill Cuppy near Leland's Grove, and he believed my mail was among the rest. The first thing I did on my return was to dispatch one of the men to Woodbine with a request to the postmaster: "Don't deliver any of my mail to anybody without an order."

CHAPTER VI.

SHIPPING STOCK TO CHICAGO.

As already stated, the Northwestern was the first road across Iowa, and the trains were run in a go-as-you-please kind of style. There was one passenger train each way a day and several freights. They had a schedule just to look at, but not to run by. They would stop anywhere for anything or anybody. They tell a story that Knox Shoefelt, a passenger conductor, held his train while he acted as best man at a wedding at a near-by farm house. Like the governors of North and South Carolina, it was a long distance between stations. As soon as the railroads got through, we stock men took advantage of it and commenced shipping our stock over the road to Chicago. The engineer who ran the freight I usually shipped on was Johnnie Wells, and the conductor was Jim Folsom. The boys were great hunters and carried their guns along, and while passing through Carroll County, where there was a good supply of prairie chickens, they often stopped the train to knock over a dozen or so. They used to run through Harrison and Crawford Counties as if the Old Nick was after them, so as to have plenty of time to hunt in Carroll.

You who are riding on the Northwestern to-day, with its double track and its frequent and swift-moving trains, think of a freight train standing on the only track for

hours at a time, and the trainmen off on the prairies hunting chickens. When we arrived at Boone, the end of the division, the trainmen were often called up by the superintendent to explain why they could not make schedule time. The boys spoke of "hot boxes," "broke in two coming over the hills of the divide," and when they ran out of excuses we stock men would come to the rescue and tell the superintendent the cattle were getting down badly and we had to stop and get them on their feet again.

There is an end to everything, and there was a finish to Folsom hunting prairie chickens while running a freight train. Jim was caught red-handed, and I was in at the kill. One morning, bright and early, I had loaded four cars of cattle and two of hogs at St. John, now Missouri Valley, and Jim came along from Council Bluffs on his way to Boone. It was a beautiful day in the fall of the year, and the boys thought they would take a shot at some prairie chickens. Wells pulled the throttle wide open, and away we flew up the valley of the Boyer and over the divide for Carroll County. At a level place in the road the boys brought the train to a stop, and over the prairie we went after chickens. The train was entirely deserted. We had been gone about an hour when there came resounding over the prairies a long-drawn-out whistle of a locomotive. It seems the superintendent had started out on a prospecting tour from Boone and had found Jim's deserted train. The cold chills commenced to run up and down the boys' vertebræ as they caught sight of the superintendent's car. Jim was equal to the occasion, however. Picking out six of the fattest chickens, he approached the stern-looking superintendent with a smile, and, handing out the chickens, said: "Mr. Superintendent, allow me." Jim by invitation rode to the next siding in the superintendent's car,

and what took place at the little séance between them Jim would never tell, but the next time I went over the road I noticed we did not stop at our favorite hunting grounds, and as we rolled over the ties through Carroll County, Jim sat in the corner of the caboose looking through the window, and would take a long breath every time he saw a prairie chicken fly over the train. But it did not follow that Jim never got any more prairie chickens, as they were occasionally lying dead along the track by coming in contact with the telegraph wires. The prairie chicken would make a good carrier-pigeon, so to speak, as it is a rapid flyer. Like the quail, its breast is large and most palatable.

Not having been born with a silver spoon in my mouth, and having to paddle my own canoe, I naturally have tackled some hard propositions, but the toughest job I ever undertook was to start from the Missouri River and land a consignment of cattle in the Union Stock Yards, Chicago, without a loss. The first run was three hundred miles across the State of Iowa to the Mississippi River; it generally took thirty-six hours, two nights and a day. In loading cattle, on account of the freight charges, you naturally would get every steer in a car you could. The steers had "standing room only"; consequently, if a steer got down, which was a very common occurrence, on account of the fatigue from standing too long, it was either to get that steer on his feet again or he would be trampled to death, and away would go the profit on that car of cattle. Sometimes you could raise him by standing alongside of the car and using your prod—a pole about six feet long with a sharp iron point in one end of it—but often you had to climb into the end window of the car and go right among them, horns, droppings, and all, and take your

chances of ever getting out alive, the trainmen paying no attention to you, the train running thirty miles an hour, and maybe it is night and as dark as pitch. As I look back to the days and nights when I was a shipper of stock to Chicago, and recall the many horn-breadth escapes I had, the wonder is I am alive.

Many a time I have started from the Missouri River for

The Home of the Stockman and His Herd.

Chicago with a trainload of stock and never got a wink of sleep for twenty-four hours at a stretch. I recall the night at Belle Plain that we pulled a dead Mexican out of a car of Texas steers. Instead of insisting on having his car sidetracked to get up some steers that were down, he foolishly crawled into the car and to his finish. What a great relief it was on our arrival at the yards at Chicago, as we turned the stock and prod pole over to our commis-

sioner and started for the Transit House for a bath, shave and a change of raiment, and to enter a clean dining-room again for the first square meal in four days, and, after the stock was sold, to return home dressed as gentlemen. No one would have thought that the well-dressed individual comfortably lounging in a Pullman with an ebony employee catering to his wants, was the same unkempt, dirty citizen who, but a few hours before, with a four-days' growth of whiskers on his chin, was in a filthy stock car trying to get a steer on his feet.

CHAPTER VII.

ATMOSPHERIC DISTURBANCES.

While I was raising stock in the valley of the Pigeon for the benefit of the Beef Trust and the railroads, I saw the start and finish of one of the greatest scourges that ever afflicted a farming community—the destructive locust or grasshopper. Anything that can bring a fast-running train to a standstill certainly deserves recognition. Many a time I saw grasshoppers stop a passenger train on the Northwestern. I don't mean they would catch hold of the cars and stop the train by main strength, or hop aboard and pull the bell cord, but they covered the rails in countless thousands, and, like the tramp preferring to die rather than move, the locomotive in squashing out their lives so greased the track that the driving-wheels failed to hold to the rails. One fall, about the time the corn crop was nearing maturity, there came whirling through the air millions of grasshoppers. Looking toward the sun they appeared like snowflakes. As they descended they acted as if they hadn't had a square meal for a month; they covered the corn, in fact, everything. The only citizens who seemed to meet them with a glad hand were the turkeys. Unlike the historic bird, he didn't have to sneak up behind, but like the enemy of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, the grasshoppers were on all sides. After the

pests had devoured everything that was green and palatable, they deposited their eggs in the soil and winged their flight to pastures new. The spring sun hatched out the eggs, and the newly born devoured the growing crops and took their departure as soon as their wings developed. There seemed to be nothing to destroy these pests. For several falls they made us a visit, then, possibly tiring of our society, left us never to return. As the plains to the west of us settled up, the breeding places of the locust were encroached upon and destroyed, and the grasshopper ceased to be a burden.

Those who have not lived on the prairie will not believe the stories of actual occurrences with the wind. It is one continual blow night and day from one year's end to the other. I started one day for market with a load of oats. It was my first experience transporting that article. The wind was blowing a gale, and as it struck the wagon it formed a whirl over the oats and they commenced to circle in the air. In spite of all that I could do they kept on circling, and by the time I arrived at the market not a peck of oats was left and I had seeded down the country. I was running my ranch at the time the insurance companies first inserted a clause in their policies against "straight winds." For two weeks, night and day, there came a wind from the southwest that caused my house to vibrate so we dared not sleep in it. During those two weeks we slept on the prairie. How trees ever grew in that country is beyond my comprehension!

The greatest dread of the inhabitant of the prairies is the cyclone. No one has any conception of a Western cyclone unless he has been on the ground, or, I might properly say, in the air. One of the worst that ever occurred in the West I saw, but, thank Heaven, did not feel. I was

in Mills County, Iowa, buying cattle. It was one of those awful hot, muggy days in July, when you could look for hailstorms, thunderstorms and cyclones.

Speaking of hailstorms, I attribute my early baldness to an experience I had with a hailstorm. The day the partic-

The Author's Wife and Her Indian Pony.

ular hailstorm I refer to occurred was about as hot as humanity could bear. I had gone on horseback to drive up some cattle. One of the dogs went along with me. I was in my shirt sleeves without any undershirt, and wore a straw hat, or what was left of it. I say what was left of it, as the

top of the hat was gone, leaving my ambrosial locks exposed to the rays of the sun. I was as good as bareheaded. You often hear of stories of hailstones being as large as hens' eggs and possibly doubted them, but if you will believe me, I have seen hailstones as large as eggs, and double-yolk eggs at that. I was on my way back with the herd, and as I came over the divide and started down a long hollow that led to the Pigeon I saw a hailstorm coming up the river. When I first saw it, it was about a quarter of a mile away and coming as fast as the wind. The stock could feel the chill and knew what was coming as well as I did, and all hands started on the jump down the hollow for the river, in order to get under the protection of the bank. Before any of us got half way to the river the storm was upon us. Hailstones commenced bouncing off the top of my head and welting me on the back. I jumped off the horse and tried to keep him between me and the storm, but in trying to hold him, we were going around and around in a kind of a "two-step," so to speak. There was nothing to do but let go of the horse and strike out for the river bank. I have heard of the Delaware whipping-post, and I can imagine how a fellow's back feels. My dog was at my heels, getting it with the rest; every little way he would lie down in the prairie grass and whine and then up and after me again. I would hold up my hands over my head and ward off the stones till I could stand it no longer, then my head would catch it again. There is one redeeming feature about hailstorms—they are of short duration. But that one lasted long enough to keep me company to the river bank. As I reached the bank over I went and crawled under the protection of an overhanging sod. The sun shone forth again; the cattle, one by one, came out of the river bottom; the horse had gone to the stable, but the

ever-faithful dog was at my side. The hair had partially protected my scalp, but my back looked like that of a small-pox patient. That hailstorm utterly destroyed one of my corn fields, consisting of one hundred acres.

I recall a little episode which occurred in an adjoining corn field a month later that laid low another portion of my corn crop. Among the other dogs on the place was a bulldog. A cattle ranch and bulldogs do not dove-tail very well, but as this particular dog was a pet of the female contingent his society was allowed. Like all bulldogs, this one was on the popular side of the monopoly question, for if he was ever called upon to help the other dogs out, where the herd was concerned, he would pick his animal and leave the balance of the herd to the rest of the dogs. So if any reader of this volume intends embarking in the cattle business and is a bulldog fancier, he will find it necessary to figure one bulldog with every head of stock. The little episode I refer to occurred on a certain occasion when the cattle broke into a corn field, not an uncommon occurrence on all well-regulated farms, and we started with a shepherd and a Newfoundland dog to drive them out. Without our knowledge the bulldog sneaked along. After the other dogs had quietly and successfully, or, at least, we thought they had, cleared the field, we heard an awful racket down at one end. Following the noise we found the bulldog and a three-year-old dancing the minuet while smashing down corn by the rod. The dog had the animal by the nose, and the steer was swinging him around like a professional club swinger. Before we got the dog's grip loose, between the men, horses, dogs and steer we destroyed more corn than the animal would have eaten in a month. The bulldog no doubt

thought he had performed a heroic act, and he never could quite understand, whenever thereafter the other dogs started after the stock, why he was left in his kennel to meditate.

In trying to describe a blizzard I mentioned the fact that Webster's and Worcester's dictionaries failed to supply the necessary words. If in addition to Messrs.

"Texas," Our Mainstay.

Webster and Worcester, Mrs. Webster and Mrs. Worcester and all the little Websters and Worcesters were to compile dictionaries, there would still be adjectives to coin to properly describe a Western cyclone. As already stated, the cyclone to which I particularly refer was in Mills County. While sitting on the piazza of a hotel we heard a low moan-

ing sound which one of the bystanders remarked was the forerunner of a cyclone. Off to the southwest black clouds commenced to loom above the horizon; higher and higher they arose and commenced to whirl in a circle. The moaning we had heard changed to a roar. The clouds became funnel-shaped, with a long narrow tail hanging toward the ground.

From the hotel steps we saw it bounding along the prairie, leaving a track a quarter of a mile wide swept as clean as a floor. The little whirlwind in the streets gives you the principle of the cyclone. Like it a cyclone forms a vacuum, lifting everything from the ground. The cyclone passed about a mile south of where I stood. After its passage the inhabitants of the adjoining country rushed to the aid of the stricken ones. Such a sight I never saw, nor ever listened to such experiences. Men, women and children were found dead, with every strip of clothing gone. Houses taken bodily from their foundations, torn into pieces and carried away for miles. Gullies full of dead animals and refuse, dead chickens without a feather, iron machinery twisted like a pretzel, ruin and desolation on all sides. A Mr. Osler's place, a gentleman from whom I had recently bought some stock, was in the track of the storm. His whole family lost their lives; he was saved. He told me that at one time he was at least two hundred feet in the air, and sailing along with him was a pet colt so close he could have put his hand on it. In one of Mr. Osler's corn-cribs there was over 5,000 bushels of corn; not a piece of the corn-crib nor an ear of the corn remained. The blacksmith of a village over which the storm passed was at work, and as the shop, which had a dirt floor, lifted and started heavenward, he caught hold of the anvil and

hung on and thereby saved his life. The Eastern farmer sometimes deplores his lot, but if he had seen what I saw that day he would conclude there was something worse to contend with than railroads, commission men, book agents, candidates and poor markets.

CHAPTER VIII.

UP AGAINST THE RED MAN.

In my career on the plains as a "cow puncher," as mayor of a frontier town, and as superintendent of a mine in the early days of Leadville, Colorado, I have occasionally been where I felt like shying my "caster into the ring"; but of all my experiences I never ached to go on "the war path" as I did when on the Niobrara River in Nebraska, years ago, I saw one of my best friends lying dead, scalped by a band of bloodthirsty Indians. Back in the seventies I was interested in a cattle ranch in that locality. The only railroad across the plains at the time was the Union Pacific. The nearest station of the railroad to our ranch was Ogallala. About fifty miles farther up the river from the ranch in which I was interested was that of the Moorehead boys, of Dunlap, Iowa. We often visited. Some of my stock had strayed away, and in hunting for them it took us in sight of the Moorehead corral. As we came on to the divide from where we always caught sight of the Moorehead ranch, we saw a cloud of smoke instead. As we approached the place we saw it was entirely consumed. About three hundred yards from the corral we came upon one of Moorehead's helpers lying on the ground shot dead and scalped. Near the corral lay the dead body of Frank Moorehead. We knew it was the work of Indians. It

Little Wolf's Double.

seemed that Little Wolf's band of Cheyenne Indians had broken away from their reservation in the Indian Territory and had left a track of blood and ashes through the States

of Kansas and Nebraska, and it was these devils who had done the work.

Possibly the novice is not aware of the fact that the scalp taken by the Indians is that part of the head where the hair makes a crown. Some have more than one crown. Moorehead must have had two, as he was scalped in two places. Over the grave of his dead brother Frank, Jim Moorehead took an oath of revenge. Whether he ever got revenge or not I do not know, but I do know that Little Wolf is dead. The Niobrara country in those days was an awful lonesome place. Our nearest town was Ogallala, one hundred and fifty miles away. There we had to go for our provisions and mail. Reports were made every two weeks to the owners of the cattle on the range which necessitated a ride of one hundred and fifty miles and back. I made the ride once and "once was enough for him." Loping seventy-five miles between daylight and twilight is quite a jaunt, but to get up the next morning and go another seventy-five, and then go back over the route in another two days is about all the average citizen can stand. There was a ranchman's corral just half way to Ogallala, where we stopped over night and changed horses. It was either to make the seventy-five miles to that corral in a day or camp out, and I never heard of any of the boys taking the camping-out end of the proposition. God help them if they did! Physicians tell us that there is nothing more beneficial than horseback riding, but they didn't mean three hundred miles in four days, with the chances of being chased by Indians.

The hardest ride I ever made in my fifteen years in the saddle was a forty-two-mile gallop from Six Mile Grove, in Iowa, to Council Bluffs, and made under a terrible nervous strain. The wife of my nearest neighbor, while

feeding a cane mill, caught her right arm in the machinery and crushed it above the elbow before they could stop the machine. I was present when the sickening accident occurred. Mounting the fleetest horse in my friend's stable, a mustang, I soon reached the divide along which led the old Mormon trail to Council Bluffs. This trail was the principal road traveled by the Mormons across Iowa on their exodus from Nauvoo, Illinois, to Salt Lake City. The horse seemed to realize what had occurred, and for the first twenty miles needed no urging, but on the last stretch I often applied the spurs and whip. As a guide to those who for years afterward followed the trail, the Mormons sowed sunflower seeds along it, and the Mormon trail ever after was marked by tall sunflowers. The wind would whirl them over the road, and I was constantly dodging them, and occasionally I would get a swipe, but I made the forty-two miles in two and three-quarter hours, but it was the last trip that horse ever made. The exertion was too much for him, and I left him in Council Bluffs to die. Fortunately, the doctor was at home, and fifteen minutes after my arrival we were going back over the trail with a span of horses that for fleetness would have been the envy of any horseman.

While I was attending a meeting of the Masonic lodge of which I was a member, at the little frontier town of Dunlap, Iowa, we were called to defend the town from a threatened attack from the Omaha tribe of Indians. The Indians had been camped for a couple of weeks by the Boyer River, about a mile from town. The chief was Yellow Smoke. He was a great gambler, and a successful one at that. He often visited the saloons of the town for a game of cards and to see what show there was to get his hands on some firewater. Yellow Smoke,

unfortunately, sat down one night in a game with some toughs, who purposely got him drunk to rob him. They stole his money and an elegant fur robe, and in the mêlée Yellow Smoke was killed. The toughs fled the town. As soon as the tribe heard of Yellow Smoke's death they came

The Original American.

for the body and demanded the men who killed him. The body they took away and buried, and sent word to the town authorities that they wanted the men who had killed their chief. There were four hundred bucks in the Indian camp, armed to the teeth, and as Dunlap had only about

five hundred inhabitants all told, things began to look a little dubious. The authorities sent back word, which was the truth, that the men who killed Yellow Smoke were not residents of the place and had fled from the town. The Indians wouldn't believe it and demanded the men at once or they would come after them. We all knew what the result of that expedition would be. A committee, of which I was a member, from the lodge, visited the Indian camp to try and appease them and assure them that the men had left. At the suggestion of one of the members, we dressed in our Masonic regalia. What a fortunate suggestion! To the astonishment of all of us, the Indians on our approach greeted us with Masonic signs and assured us they would believe what we told them. Our statement proved satisfactory. The Indians having obtained Masonic signs in some unaccountable manner, undoubtedly saved Dunlap from being wiped off the map; that is, it looked that way. But there is one thing certain; from what I knew of the caliber of Dunlap citizens and the out-of-town members of the lodge who were present at that particular time, the Omaha tribe of Indians would have been somewhat reduced before the wiping-out process was completed.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PLAINS AND THE ROCKIES.

In the schooldays of my boyhood I learned of the Great American Desert, but little did I think then that I would ever experience its discomforts. It required courage almost beyond the human frame to cover the trail to Denver and Santa Fé. Toiling along months at a time, urging slow-moving ox teams through the hot, blinding sandstorms by day and guarding your all from the Indians by night was enough to dethrone one's reason. I have seen strong men, who had endured many a hardship, crying like children at the trials around and before them. Nature, not satisfied with afflicting us with the real, would often mock us with the unreal. Man and beast perishing from thirst would see before them the mirage of some shady stream, seemingly a short distance away. The dumb brutes, ignorant of the deception, would bolt toward the phantom, often following it to their death. Beautiful cities would appear above the horizon as if to lure us on, then, like the hopes of this life, soon faded away. I have often heard of the sufferings of the soldiers on the plains, but their life was clover to that of the government trains, and still the hardships of the government trains, composed of men, was of but little moment to that of the immigrants with their women and children. They were the unprotected ones who invited the attack of the Indians.

The United States Government and those who to-day are enjoying the benefits of the plains and the Rockies, owe a debt to the immigrants of the sixties which they can never repay. On those long, weary tugs from Omaha to Denver it was a great relief, at least to me, when the

Omaha.

Rockies came in sight. Notwithstanding when first seen they were over a hundred miles away, it was a satisfaction to know that your goal was stationary and always in view, and ere long your journey would be at an end, although at times, after days of travel, Pike's Peak and its companions seemed to be as far away as when first sighted.

There was nothing slow about building railroads over the plains; if they didn't build several miles between meals

they considered it poor progress. For hundreds of miles there were neither cuts nor fills. The surveyors would go ahead and stake out a strip the required width, furrows along each side of the stakes were plowed, ties would be laid between the furrowed strip, and rails spiked down, and the construction cars run thereon. At the time the Pacific Railroad bills were before Congress there were opponents to the bills, of course, as there is to everything. If a balloon came sailing over some communities, dropping twenty-dollar gold pieces, there are people who would try to shoot the aeronaut for his carelessness. According to the *Congressional Globe*, the discussion over the Pacific Railroad bills showed what poor prophets we mortals be. Every speaker who opposed the bills dwelt long and earnestly on what the Indians would do. They claimed that on account of the Indians the road could not be built, unless under the protection of troops, and after the road was constructed the Indians would tear up the track unless it was guarded the whole length. What a godsend it is that there are people who cannot be persuaded by scarecrows. If not, America would still be a wilderness!

While the Pacific railroads were under construction the only thing the Indians did was to ride along the ridges at a safe distance, half scared to death in fear of the iron horse; and after the road was built these ferocious Indians, who were going to eat the road up, ties, rails and rolling stock, seeing the white man riding along in a cushioned seat smoking his cigar, commenced to make inquiries if they couldn't also ride. Instead of tearing up the track they became an infernal nuisance, pestering the government and railroad agents for free rides. There was hardly a train on the road without having one or two flat cars occupied by a lot of lazy, dirty Indians riding along at

the Government's expense. A certain train crew gave that practice its quietus. They started out of North Platte for Omaha with the usual Indian delegation. Riding on flat cars is ticklish business, as there is nothing to hold on to. The engineer said as he started out that you would find a string of Indians lying along the side of the track or he would ditch the train. He didn't ditch the train, but he did the Indians. While rounding curves he pulled the throttle wide open, and at every curve an Indian or two would roll off. The Indians were on their bellies, sliding over the car and yelling for dear life, but before the engineer let up he had dumped the whole bunch.

What a God-forsaken country was western Kansas and Nebraska prior to the eighties. We often hear the expression "land poor," but I never realized what it meant until I "bullwhacked" over the sandy desert from Omaha to Denver. They tell a story of a land transaction in western Nebraska which will give the reader an amusing illustration of "land poor." On the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad immigrants came pouring into Nebraska on the strength of the alluring literature issued by that company. If the "press agent" of the Union Pacific didn't get a good salary, he certainly deserved it. The fellow was lucky to escape with his life from disappointed immigrants. The land transaction I refer to was as follows: among others, a man from Illinois came to Nebraska with his family to locate on government land, but was unable to find any which suited him. He was referred to a man who was "land poor." The Sucker had no money he could spare, but he had an extra span of mules and offered them to the Nebraskan for two hundred acres, and the offer was accepted. The necessary papers in the transaction were drawn up. A few days afterward as the

immigrant was examining the papers he discovered that besides the two hundred acres, the "poor land" man had slipped in two hundred acres more.

While I was holding down the chair of the chief executive office of the city of Woodbine, the great strike at Lead-

Denver and the Ever Snow-capped Rockies.

ville, Colorado, had been made on Fryer's Hill, and I and one of the solid citizens of the town thought we would take a run out there and look the situation over. The Union Pacific Railroad had been built, and I found the trip from Omaha to Denver somewhat different than I did years before, when I was associated with Mr. Bosler, a government contractor. There is a big difference between cross-

ing the hot sands of the desert in a railroad train and following a slow-moving ox team, and at night a berth in a sleeping-car is much more preferable to lying under a wagon with a gun as a bedfellow, with one eye open trying to figure out whether that object you thought you saw was simply the waving of the grass or some sneaking Indian. I thought I had seen a frontier town when I struck Boone. But Boone was not in the same class with Leadville.

What a restless race is the American! In my life on the plains I saw railroads projected and built to isolated places over dreary wastes, yet the cars were crowded with Americans, many of whom for the life of them couldn't tell where they were going or what for. If they would build a railroad to the infernal regions, the cars would no doubt be full of Americans, taking their chances on "beating the devil around the bush."

The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad had reached Leadville, and on the morning of the third day we arrived. Leadville is situated on what was once known as California Gulch, one of the richest placer mining deposits in the world. Little did the old miners know as they washed the gold from the sand in California Gulch that the hills which looked down upon them contained as rich ore as the Rockies possessed. They tell the story, and seem willing to swear to it, how the rich mineral deposits of Leadville were unearthed. Miners are constantly being grub-staked to seek new discoveries. A poor miner by the name of Fryer and a companion were grub-staked and started off from California Gulch for the Mosquito Range. Among other things they took along was a jug of whiskey. They had gone but a short distance when they concluded they would stop and sample the whiskey to see if it was worth carrying. The result was they never left the spot until

the whiskey was consumed. The whiskey gone, they couldn't see any object in going farther, so they proposed to dig a hole in Mother Earth right then and there, with the result that they exposed the carbonates that made

Fryer's Hill in the Long Ago.

Fryer's Hill at Leadville known the world over as one of the richest mining strikes.

While we were in Leadville we attended a political meeting and saw a candidate swing a crowd by a trick I never saw before nor expect to see again. The miners' vote was all-important, and as the Leadville district went, so went the

State. The opposing candidate had been there a fortnight before and it seemed to be the opinion that he had corraled the mining vote. It was reported that the candidate who I heard, said, as he left Denver, that he had a sure scheme to win the miners' vote if he were given the opportunity to work it, and it seemed he had, but no one would have believed it a winner if he had known what it was beforehand. The miners never did take much stock in politics, so the candidate's reception was rather a chilly one. The fellow stood six feet in his stockings and was built in proportion; was a good speaker, told some funny stories, and altogether made a very convincing speech. But one could see that the miners were not over-enthusiastic. After he finished he asked if anybody wanted to ask any questions. Some "butter-in," fresh from the East, arose to ask a question, and the candidate requested him to come on to the platform. The fellow obeyed and propounded a simple question. The words had no sooner left his mouth than the candidate, who had walked over to where he was, hit the fellow a blow in the face, knocking him head over heels off the platform. We all looked on in utter amazement. There was a dead silence, broken by the candidate walking to the foot-lights and smilingly inquiring if there was anybody else who wished to ask any questions. In a moment the miners were on their feet, cheering like mad and yelling at the top of their voices: "You are the kind of a man we want." They rushed on to the platform, boosted the fellow on to their shoulders and paraded all over town with him. He won the miners' vote.

A daily sight and a very amusing one was the arrival and departure of the jack trains to and from the mines on the mountains. They brought ore down, and everything used in the mines above they packed back. The loads

they carried up the mountainside were simply astonishing. They were very small animals and seemingly docile. They had no harness on them of any kind, except a wooden piece, like a saw-buck, girded to their backs. To the saw-

The Little Pittsburg in the Good Old Days.

bucks the loads were attached. A train consisting of seventeen jacks was loaded one day in front of the hotel where I was stopping; two were loaded each with a barrel of kerosene and the others with 16-foot planks. The kerosene barrels were tied on the saw-bucks and were as large as the jack. A plank was fastened on each side of the

jacks, extending four feet in front and about six behind. We watched them with a glass as they held to the mountain trail. A jack train is absolutely necessary to the mines on the steep isolated mountains. All the jacks ask in return is a place to roll over and permission to emit an occasional bray. Not much recompense for their services! There is no more faithful animal to man than the horse species, yet how cruelly they are often treated. There is no more philanthropic work than to aid and assist those societies in the great cities which have for their aim the protection of those toiling dumb brutes, who cannot express their wants, and who one often sees fall by the wayside through the cruelty and neglect of their masters.

CHAPTER X.

THE PASSING OF THE STOCKMAN.

BECOMING tired of music and profanity, we gladly accepted the invitation of an old stockman we happened to meet to visit his ranch in Wyoming for a hunt among the foothills for caribou. How good it seemed to be in the woods again and away from that money-crazy crowd at California Gulch. Will the time ever come when there will be some other aim in life than hunting gold? It is an honest endeavor in the daylight fair to extract the raw material from Mother Earth, but often through ways which are dark do we extract the finished product from our fellow man. I was glad that my friend offered me the opportunity to hunt for something else than veins and fissures and hear something else than "a mill run" and so many "ounces to the ton." I was glad to get away from trying to solve the crooks and turns of the two-legged animal, and study the habits of the four-legged one.

In the preceding chapters the author has endeavored to so relate his experiences on the frontier that the reader would find something in this book of a pleasant nature, but the life he led and its culmination was more of a tragedy than a comedy. While blazing the way, the many ordeals through which I struggled and the sacrifices I was compelled to make better fitted me for the life that fol-

lowed, and I attribute my success when I again returned to the Empire State to my experience on the plains. In order to fully appreciate the comforts of this existence, one should have experienced the life of the frontier. No one is competent to decide what is best for mankind without having first communed with Nature. Many of the great men of ancient times and those Presidents of our country to whom we look as examples, lived in the open.

It was a sorry day for me, while I was a stockman, that I wrote an article and had it published stating the truth concerning the beef combination. I regretted more than once that I wrote the article, but who is there that hasn't written something he regrets? The only man I ever heard of who had no regrets for what he had ever written lived in New Hampshire. He happened to make the remark that he had never written anything he regretted. They immediately proposed to run him for governor, but upon investigation they ascertained that he couldn't write.

I was a marked man from the time I wrote that article. To my surprise, the railroads took up the cudgel on behalf of the Beef Trust; while other shippers had no difficulty getting cars to ship their stock in, I always seemed to have trouble. They received rebates, while I got what the historical little pig did who neither went to market, stayed at home, had the choice of the menu card, nor tweaked at the barn door. If Charles K. Skinner, the agent of the Northwestern at that time at Woodbine, Iowa, or John B. Anderson, the agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul at Portsmouth, both good friends of mine, are alive, they could tell of many orders they received concerning me, that they found a way not to execute. After I got started with my stock I was often hampered along the line. I was once sidetracked for four hours at Cedar Rapids on the Northwest-

ern in a sleet storm under the pretense that there was something broken on one of my cars, but the yardmaster, with whom I was well acquainted, told me there was nothing the matter. On my arrival in Chicago I was fortunate enough to find President Keep at the company's office, and

My Last Bunch of Stock.

I appealed to him, and, as a New Yorker, he promised me he would look into my case. As the same bill of fare continued to be handed to me, I infer all I got was a "look-in."

Before I threw up the sponge, however, I got one shot at the crowd by being instrumental in sending an attaché of the Union Stock Yards to Joliet, and stopping, at least

temporarily, a practice which was simply murder. A disease that is always prevalent among swine, and which has lost millions of dollars to the stock feeder, is known as hog cholera. Whole droves have been swept away by that dreaded disease. Carloads of infected hogs have been shipped to the Union Stock Yards, Chicago, through the ignorance of farmers and carelessness of shippers, and are now, for aught I know. I have seen cars of hogs start from western Iowa with pronounced cases of cholera, with hogs dying all the way in, and on their arrival at Chicago, the dead were sold to local butchers to be tried into lard, and those able to walk over the scales into the great packing-houses were converted into "sugar-cured hams" and pickled pork. Every shipper of swine product knows the truth of what I state, and every inspector in the yards and packer knows that diseased meat has been handed out to the consumer.

I would much prefer to draw the veil over man's inhumanity to man, but I consider the duty I owe as an American to relate my experiences. Picture to yourself the home of the cattle raiser on the great prairies of the West, who, with his little family, is battling, like all of us, for an existence. I can tell the story no better than to follow the little calf who first saw the light of day on a storm-swept prairie, until he, as a three-year-old, fattened for the market, entered one of the great abattoirs in the city on the shore of Lake Michigan. The first six months of its life it ran by its mother's side. The following spring it entered the one-year-old grade, and roughed it, summer and winter, until it became a two-year-old past, and entered the feed-yard to be fattened, a corn-fed steer for the market. During those long years corn was planted and gath-

ered by willing hands in the hope that in the end the reward would come, but, alas, what a sacrifice!

I was a shipper of live stock to Chicago before, during and after the formation of the Beef Trust. Prior to its

Union Stock Yards, Chicago.

formation, buyers from Pittsburg, Buffalo, Philadelphia and New York were in the yards bidding for our stock, and the prices we obtained gave us some reward for our labor. I will long remember the morning when I arrived at the yards with a consignment of stock and was informed by my commissioner, Harley Green, that the day of a profit to

the stockman was at an end. He informed me of the forming of the Beef Trust and that competition was no more. An arbitrary price succeeded "supply and demand." The combination fixed the price. They knew what it cost to fatten a steer, and the bid was just enough to encourage you to go back and make another try. If you didn't like the price of the day, you had the privilege of paying yardage—a rather expensive undertaking.

If you thought you were being robbed, which you were, you could reload and ship farther East, but you would run against the same combination with virtually the same bid. There was nothing for you to do but to stand and deliver, and return to your family and try to comfort those who had toiled with you for three long years to convert that little calf into a fattened steer, and tell the same sad story that other stockmen carried to their isolated homes.

The Beef Trust was not satisfied with controlling the purchasing end, but after the stock was slaughtered and passed through the packing-houses, it was shipped to the cold-storage houses of the East, and put on the block with an arbitrary price to the consumer. That was the condition then, and through the non-action of the law-enforcing power it prevails to-day. An individual or corporation who controls the price at both the purchasing and distributing end of a product exacts all the profit—it is simply a question of how much do you want ere you quit, and human nature's wants are never satisfied. The greed of that great combination deprived the little children of the stock raiser of education and the necessaries of life—their mothers, through toil and deprivation, were driven to the asylum, and their fathers to their graves with broken hearts, and as I, who they drove out

of business, see the offspring of the Armours, Morrises and their kind, and the beneficiaries of like combinations, flaunting their predatory wealth, it is easy for me to understand why there is unrest throughout the domain of this great Republic.

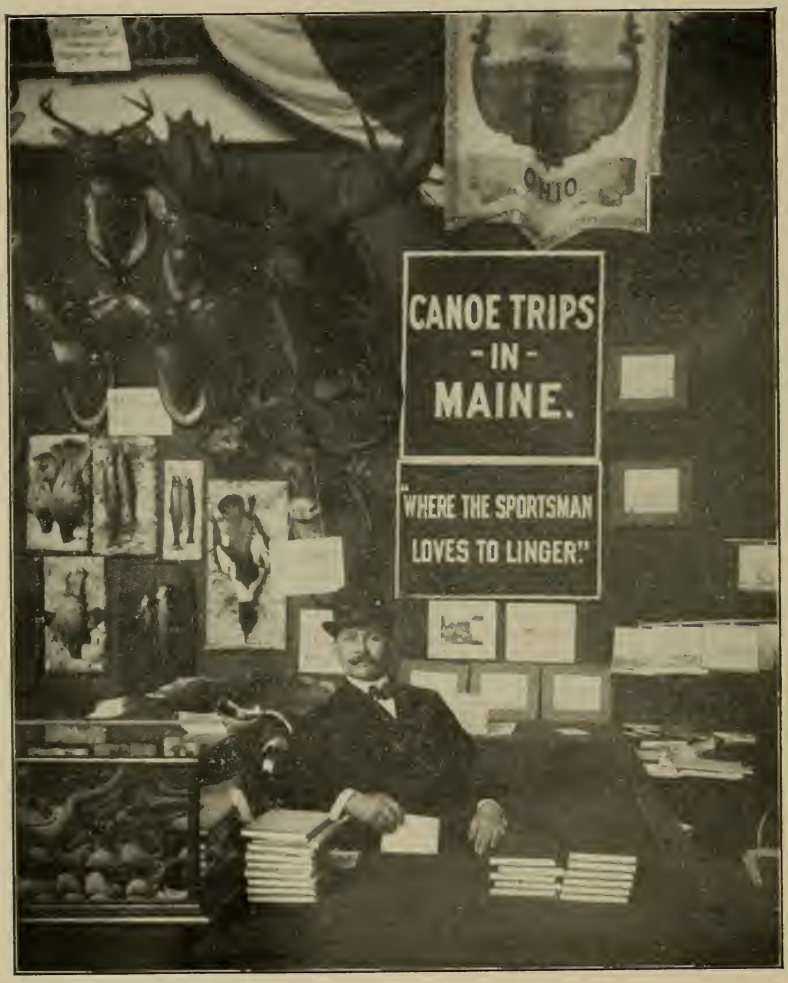
REMINISCENCES OF THE AUTHOR'S VACATION DAYS.

I.

LOST IN THE MAINE WOODS.

TWICE in my life I experienced the feeling of being lost, once on the prairies of Nebraska, and the second time in the woods of Maine. To one who has not been lost, words fail me to describe the sensation. One feels as if he were going insane. A few years ago, in the evening of a late September day, as the man who stands with the megaphone on the marble staircase in the main waiting-room of the Grand Central Depot, New York, was calling, "Boston express, stopping at Springfield and Worcester only, now ready on track No. 6," the author—with two students, one studying for the ministry—was taking his departure for a two-weeks' hunting trip in the Maine woods. The night was passed going feet first across three States of the Union, dreaming of bygone days on the Rangeleys and along the Allagash.

The rising sun met us at Old Orchard. Within a stone's throw of the train long lines of white breakers were rolling in from the blue ocean, foaming on the crest as they break and smoothly glide over the crescent-shaped sands of the grandest bathing beach in all this land. Between Portland and Newport—not the Newport of the "upper ten," but that of a better American, a Newport of the



Sportsman's Show, Madison Square Garden.

"lower five"—a white-coated gentleman from Africa is passing through the train announcing: "Breakfast is now ready in the dining-car," always a welcome summons to

the one who loiters on the humorous and sunny side of life, a stranger to indigestion and its kind.

The golden orb of day was gradually sinking into the forest of the Pine Tree State as we were preparing to enjoy the hospitality of Moosehead Inn, a well-kept hostelry on high ground at the foot of and overlooking the unsalted sea of Maine, old Moosehead. Here two guides I had engaged met us. On one of my canoe trips down the Allagash I saw so much game on Churchill Lake that I took the boys to that locality. We arrived at Churchill October 2d. The boys were not much as hunters, and the guides were too lazy to hunt, so I seemed to be the committee on venison. Four days had gone by and no juicy venison in the frying-pan, so I thought I would strike out alone. I had hunted the country north of Chamberlain Lake over pretty well and thought I knew it as well as I did Manhattan Island. Right here I would state, don't go into the North Woods without a guide or a compass—better take both.

My divinity student friend had presented all hands with a pocket edition of the Bible, and it was a godsend to me that I had it in my pocket. When I left camp I jokingly told the boys that I would bring back the tenderloin of a deer if I was gone a week, and before I got back to camp a week had nearly passed.

Game seemed very scarce. There is nothing surprising about that. I saw the buffalo, antelope and prairie chicken disappear from the plains before advancing civilization, and for the same reason the caribou left Maine never to return, and naturally the moose and deer will follow. The killing of game is justifiable when for the immediate sustenance of man, but it never should have been allowed for traffic nor ornamentation.

Being anxious to secure a deer, I took the precaution to take a sleeping-bag and some grub to last me in case I saw fit to stay out all night. I started off in a southwesterly direction, crossing Thoroughfare Brook, and it was late in the afternoon when I saw my first deer. He was in easy range, but in trying to get a little closer I scared him, and his white tail bobbing among the brush was the last I saw of him. I had about decided to give up the hunt and return. While standing there thinking what I would do, I heard a noise and, looking around, I saw not over one hundred yards away a fine buck. He was very accommodating, as he stood still until I fired. He dropped like a log and stayed there. The afternoon was fast passing away, so I hastily cut out the tenderloin, severed the hind quarters and started with my load for camp.

I thought I knew the direction and believed I could make the lake before dark. If I had gone toward the lake I no doubt would have made it, but unfortunately I had gone in another direction. As darkness came on I began to realize that I was lost, as nothing looked familiar. There was nothing to do but to try and find my way out. Of course I could not sleep; that was out of the question. In my experience on the plains, where I had to travel often at night, I became familiar with the location of what we call the "Great Dipper" and the North Star, and I could figure out not only a direction, but the time of night to a nicety. I knew if I traveled south I would at least strike the tramway, between Eagle and Chamberlain Lakes. One could follow a creek, knowing it would eventually lead to a lake, but I would not be any better off following the winding shore of a possibly uninhabited lake. Never put any faith in the sun as a guide in the woods. There are only two occasions when you can bank on the sun—

when it is rising or setting; between times it is as unreliable as the sons of Adam. Fortunately, it was a moonlight night, as bright as day. I anxiously waited until it was dark enough to see my old astronomical friend, who once saved by bacon in Nebraska, the Great Bear or Dipper. It is a long way from Maine to Nebraska, but those seven stars were looking down upon me from the same location. What a wonderland of research the great stellar universe presents, and what an insignificant speck in the galaxy this earth must be! And the individual should realize that he, too, is of little moment, "as he struts and frets his hour on the stage" of life.

From open spaces in the woods I got my bearings and traveled in a southerly direction. At intervals during the night I fired three shots in rapid succession, the hunter's cry for help. How anxiously I listened for the response that never came! I traveled almost all the night. Daylight opened with me still lost in the woods, yet I knew if I continued south I would be between Eagle and Chamberlain Lakes and should certainly strike the tramway that connects the two. I did not dare to strike out to any extent during the day, as it seems to be a fact that a person traveling without any landmarks travels in a circle. I spent the day sleeping, smoking, taking an occasional pull at a small flask of brandy, cursing my luck, and reading the Bible.

While eating my noonday meal at the foot of a mountain, I saw far up on the mountainside a ledge bare of trees. I decided to blaze my way to it and see if I could recognize some lake or mountain; but after climbing over half a mile I realized that I was becoming exhausted with the effort and thought it best to retrace my steps to where I left my traps, and save my strength in my endeavor to

reach the tramway. I calculated that another night's tramp would bring me to the tramway, and my calculations came near being true. During the two nights I saw plenty of game, but I gave them due notice that I would let them severely alone if they would me, and there was no argument on that point. When at the start I found I was lost, I threw away the hind quarters of the deer, but retained the tenderloin. My diet consisted of tenderloin of buck, coffee, pilot crackers, tobacco, brandy, and the Bible. Some fellow who has never "been there" no doubt thinks it is all bosh to get lost in the woods, and if he had been in my boots, or moccasins, rather, he would have waltzed right out of the situation; but the fact is that when one finds himself lost, his nerve, judgment and common sense are also lost.

As I tramped along through bogs and jungle, notwithstanding I was all unstrung, I could not help but smile at the novelty of the situation. During the second night, as I was going down into a valley, I saw, in the direction I was going, two eyes, no doubt attracted by my footsteps. They were so near the ground I was sure it was a bear. I stopped. Under usual conditions it would have been of little concern, but when a fellow is up in the air with buck fever, heart failure, and several other imaginary complaints, anything startles him. I coughed, blew my nose and made a half-dozen other noises to try and scare the devil away, but those two eyes were still riveted on me. I brought my .30-.30 to my shoulder, shot into the air, and the fellow with the goo-goo eyes disappeared. I was mighty glad when I passed the territory that Mr. Bruin had just occupied.

Christian Scientists tell us that all our ailments are imaginary. Some question that, but let one traverse the

woods by moonlight alone and he will certainly admit that the imagination is all powerful. In my travels those two nights I would have taken my oath that I saw every animal which inhabits the different zones of

Lost in the Maine Woods.

the earth. The changing shades caused by the moonlight made it seem as if I were wandering through some zoölogical garden. The snort of a deer, that was hitherto always a welcome sound, signifying that game was near, so startled me that I jumped six feet, more or less, into the air.

About midnight a young hurricane sprang up, blowing from "sou'-sou'west." The sweet music of the forest and streams of the Pine Tree State has lulled me to sleep many times, but there was nothing sweet in my surroundings at that particular time. An old tree, tired of the struggle, had fallen over on his next-door neighbor, and as the howling wind would sway the old trunk back and forth on his friend's "habeas corpus," there emanated therefrom such a nerve-racking plaint that it started me on the run, and I never stopped until I was out of sound of that unearthly grind. Another night would have certainly seen my finish.

At the dawning of the second day, while I was getting my breakfast, I thought I could detect a rumbling sound. It flashed across me that it was the tramway, and it proved so to be. I have attended the opera and listened to the music of the masters, and have heard the best bands of this and other countries playing along Broadway, but the sweetest music I ever heard in my life was the rumbling, on that cool October morning, of the tramway between Eagle and Chamberlain Lakes in the State of Maine.

II.

TAKEN FOR A GAME WARDEN.

Of all my canoe trips over the water-courses of this country, and I have taken a good many, the most disappointing, disagreeable and annoying was the second time I went down the East Branch of the Penobscot River. There were a whole lot of my enthusiastic New York friends going to take the trip, but as is generally the case, when the time came to step up to the purser's office, they dropped out one by one, leaving me like the historical boy "on the burning deck." The seven guides I had engaged had to be reduced to one, and he a scrub I picked up at Northeast Carry. He was not much of a canoeman, and the canoe we had was "hogged," narrow, and the bottom—from many punctures —looked like a small-pox patient just out of a hospital.

The first day we made the run from Northeast Carry to the hotel at Chesuncook. The next night we camped at the foot of Telos Lake, near a sporting camp. From Telos to Second Lake includes the canal, Webster Lake and Webster Stream. Webster Lake is the only portion easy to canoe. The canal and Webster Stream are very dangerous to navigate, especially the latter. With the old tub we had I did not care to risk it, so we hired Mr. Roberts, of the Telos Lake sporting camps, to tote us from Telos to Second Lake, a distance of fourteen miles. With the exception of Ripogenus Carry, on the West Branch, the road between Telos and Second Lake has every other

road in the State beaten to a standstill. Roberts rode all the way, and if ever a man earned his money, he did. His head would be up among the branches of the trees, and the next moment he would be in the "trough of the sea." The changing angles of the wagon reminded me of the acrobat on the stage. The feet of the off horse would be on a level with the back of his mate, and then again the mate would be looking down on his pal. Roberts' harness must have been made of rubber. The play of the canoe as Roberts hung on to his load clipped off pieces of his skin, and as he stripped where we camped on Second Lake, his sides were a counterpart to the patches on the bottom of the canoe.

As we neared the dam at Grand Lake, we struck a log-drive. If I had known what I had to encounter between Grand Lake and Grindstone, I would have retraced my footsteps, if I might use the word. Being a man of sixty, my dress was not that of a "sport," but more like the common garb of the every-day man you will meet on the street. The log-drivers sized me up as a game warden, and nothing that the guide or I could say changed that opinion.

Instead of their showing deference for what they inferred was a minion of the law, they "roasted" me unmercifully. If I happened to wander from my own fireside, I was accused of trailing for venison. One fellow pulled the hind quarters of a deer from under some burlaps and dared me to arrest him. One log-driver said he was willing to swear that I was Commissioner Carleton. Word was telephoned down along the line: "A game warden is coming down the river—make it hot for him."

At Monument Line they intended to wreck our outfit. The Maine log-driver is generally French. Fortunately, my guide understood the French language and overheard them discussing their intentions. The gang were not

aware of the kind of a "hairpin" they were planning to attack. If they had known that back in the sixties this "game warden" had been the mayor of a turbulent little town near the Missouri River—had been the superintendent of a mine in the early days of Leadville, Colorado, and

On the Waters of the East Branch.

a plainsman in the long ago, they might not have been so eager to cross swords with him.

Anyhow, I saw something had to be done. At Monument Line was the usual lean-to and wangan that you find when a log-drive is on. Just before sundown, while the log-drivers were finishing their suppers, I took a walk over where three or four dozen of them were, and possibly dis-

cussing my future. I informed them that the impression that had gone forth that I was a game warden was erroneous, that I was a New York gentleman out of health making a canoe trip in an endeavor to regain the same. I understood they intended to wreck my outfit that night. I told them that in a fifteen years' experience on the plains of the West I had been up against a tougher lot of citizens than Maine log-drivers, that I was still alive and that I was perfectly able to protect myself and my outfit, and if any of them doubted my capabilities all they had to do was to try it on. Either my guide was lying to me or my speech had the desired effect, as that night and the next day, from Monument Line to Grindstone, were as uneventful as if there had not been a Maine log-driver within a thousand miles. Upon our arrival at Grindstone we had the only hearty laugh of the entire trip. It seems the night before, after I had delivered my "valedictory" to the log-drivers, the following telephone message had gone over the wire: "A bad man from the West is coming down the river; give him a wide berth."

III.

HUNTING THE CARIBOU.

THERE are many things one sees in books in connection with the habits of animals that the layman doubts, yet as a hunter for these many moons and covering a territory from New Brunswick to the Rocky Mountains I am ready to believe 'most anything. One of the most amusing experiences I ever had occurred in New Brunswick, Canada, twenty-five years ago. A New York friend of mine was interested in a lumber camp located in that territory. He invited me and any of my friends to visit him during the hunting season. Taking a friend along, we arrived at the camp on the 10th of November. Caribou seemed to be the principal meat diet.

The third day after our arrival, the young man who had come with me and I started off on a hunt for caribou. There was about four inches of snow on the ground. There is very little sport hunting caribou. In the first place, they travel in droves. Hunting caribou is like going into a pasture and shooting cows. The caribou is the most inquisitive animal of all the wild game I ever hunted. If it sees a strange object it will never let up until it finds out what it is. A great many people are under the impression that the firing of a gun will start any wild animal on the jump; that is not so. You can lay it down as a general rule that an animal will not run from you until he gets

hit or scents you. I have heard of animals standing perfectly still and letting one shoot at them two or three times. Speaking about scent, it is astonishing how far these animals can smell you. I know it to be a fact, while I was hunting in the Adirondacks some years ago, a herd of deer scented me a quarter of a mile. And I hadn't been eating any onions, either. Heavens! what a bouquet we must have!

To return to my New Brunswick story, we had gone about a mile from camp when we came to a spring surrounded by caribou tracks. The tracks led away from the spring up the mountainside, and we decided to follow. The trail led over the top of the mountain and down into the valley below. As we got to the top we saw a herd of about thirty caribou, coming in Indian file up the mountain. The wind was blowing from the herd toward us. We turned and went back down the trail about one hundred yards, and waited until the caribou came in sight. They undoubtedly were heading for the spring. We got our guns ready.

Near the top of the mountain the trail led around an immense boulder, and it was our intention to fire as soon as a caribou showed his head around the rock. It was but a short time when the leader of the herd came in sight. My friend fired, and down went the caribou. It was my first successful hunt for caribou, and it surprised me to see another head coming around the boulder. I shot him. Then came a third, my friend put a bullet through his habeas corpus. Another head came in sight.

The reason I am nearing the three-score and ten limit and happy, I attribute to the fact that I have not taken life too seriously and have cultivated a sense of humor. I took in the ludicrous side of the performance and began

to laugh. My affliction spread to my friend, and every time we glanced toward the boulder and saw more caribou the harder we laughed. It was one of those cases where something strikes you as so ridiculous that you almost

The Last Sleep of a Caribou.

laugh yourself into a fit. We both laughed so hard we couldn't stand up, let alone shoot. My friend began to choke and grow black in the face. I crawled over to where he was and commenced pounding him on the back. In the meantime the caribou kept coming in sight and stood there looking at us, no doubt wondering what kind of

In the Bad Old Winter Time.

animals we were, and it seemed to me some of them actually grinned. My friend nearly choking to death brought us to our senses. We picked up our guns and started down the trail for home to inform the camp where they could

find a supply of meat. As we started down the trail the herd followed along. They stopped for a moment when they came to our tracks, but on they came as far as the spring. From what I afterward learned of the habits of the caribou, I am satisfied while they were at the boulder we could have slaughtered the whole herd.

As regards the intelligence of animals, I saw a sight on Sourdnahunk Lake, Maine, in the winter of 1880, that if I had not seen it nobody could have made me believe that such a thing ever occurred. With a guide I was on a hunt on snowshoes. The night before three feet of snow had fallen. As we came in sight of the lake, we saw a herd of caribou crossing it in single file. The leader would wallow belly-deep, making a track through the snow, and when he tired would step to one side and let the next animal take the lead, the first fellow lying down until the whole herd had passed and then bringing up in the rear. We watched them for over a mile, and almost as regular as clock-work we saw leader after leader fall to the rear. They seemed to believe in the saying: "Let the other fellow walk a while."

IV.

CURING A "BUTTERFLY."

Back in the eighties, one of my wealthiest clients lived on lower Fifth Avenue. I often dined at his home, and on many occasions described the healthful pleasure of canoeing over the waters of Maine. His only child was a daughter, a butterfly of fashion, who was fast breaking down in the social whirl. At my suggestion she decided to make a canoe trip. At her father's solicitation I consented to take her along on my vacation. She made only one proviso, and that was she was not expected to dress "like a fright." She unfortunately got it into her head that one could dress for a canoe trip the same as to spend the summer at Saratoga.

She was nineteen when we made the trip. A lady of good common sense was her chaperon. Before I departed from the metropolis I gave the chaperon a general idea of what clothing. underpinning and topgear, would be necessary. On our arrival at Kineo I engaged three guides, and the night before our departure from Kineo I told the ladies that here we were to lay aside the dress appropriate along Broadway and don the sportsman attire, or words to that effect. To my surprise and disgust, the next morning, my charge boarded the boat for Northeast Carry decked out with high-heel shoes, a tailor-made suit, a made-up countenance, with extensive plumes floating in

the gentle zephyrs, and surrounded with an atmosphere of heliotrope.

Such a sight never crossed Northeast Carry before, nor since. It seems the chaperon had purchased the proper wearing apparel, but Miss Butterfly refused to wear it. She did not seem to realize that we would be exposed to the elements. The aim of the chaperon and myself was to get possession of those shoes, the corsets that embraced that wasp waist, a box of cosmetics, and that flowery top-knot; and, one by one, we succeeded. The first day was passed going down the West Branch 'midst sunshine and shadow, and nightfall found our tents set up in close proximity to the dining-room of the Hotel de Murphy, on Chesuncook Lake. The apparel of the Fifth Avenue belle was causing so much comment that I saw something had to be done, and at once.

That night our tents were robbed; that is, before they were robbed I ascertained that they had a supply of ladies' moccasins on hand. The robbers took the French high-heel shoes. What could the poor girl do? Wear moccasins, of course. That was where we made our first score. The butterfly of fashion rather mistrusted who the robbers were. As we crossed that gem of a lake, Ripogenus, we ran close to a large bull moose feeding along the shore. He simply glanced at the first and second canoes as they passed by, and continued feeding; but when the one hove in sight with Miss Butterfly and your humble servant, with those extensive white plumes dancing in the sunlight, it was too much for him, and he bolted for the woods.

Anybody who has made the West Branch trip knows what Ripogenus Carry is. For the information of those who do not I would state that it is three miles long, and

the roughest road that is traveled in the State of Maine. It was a pretty long, rough walk, right off the reel, for a butterfly of fashion, and she admitted she could not have made it in the high-heel shoes. She began to think the robbers did her an accommodation. On our arrival at Big Eddy, the end of the carry, she was so tired that a tent was immediately set up. She removed her dress and fell asleep. Like many wasp-waisted females she slept with her corsets on, fearing her compressed ribs might return to where nature first placed them. What a godsend it would be to female kind if it was a penitentiary offense to manufacture a corset!

The chaperon informed me that we had our chance to obtain the corsets. I peeked into the tent, and, sure enough, our opportunity had arrived. The patient was on a good solid operating table, was unconscious, and the foreign matter was plainly in view. Why not perform the operation? I acted as tiler while the chaperon crawled into the tent, unlaced the corsets, gently slipped them from around the patient and handed them to me. If we concealed them as we did the high-heel shoes I was afraid that by persuasion, tears or through some other female accomplishment, Miss Butterfly would obtain them; so I loped over to Ripogenus Gorge, tore the corsets into pieces, and the fragments floated away on the waters of the West Branch. When the dear girl awoke it was not necessary, as they generally do when a patient regains consciousness from an operation, to tell her to "spit it out." She spit it out all right. In my life on the plains I often heard the war-whoop of the hostile Sioux, Cheyennes and other redskins, and the explosion in that tent was a vivid reminder of those trying times.

Miss Butterfly as She is To-day.

I told the chaperon to put it all on me. It took all the diplomacy at my command to prevent an open rupture then and there, and my charge returning to New York at once. The next morning as we started down the river, for the first time since her childhood days the clothes of this butterfly of fashion were supported from her shoulders instead of her waist. The hat and box of cosmetics still remained. Providence came to our rescue so far as the hat was concerned. A rainstorm put that in storage, a cap taking its place. Going down what is known as the "Horse-race," the chaperon purposely placed the box of cosmetics on the top of the load, and I, in shifting my setting-pole, accidentally—that is, I would use that word—knocked the box overboard, and Miss Butterfly's stock of magnolia balm, bloom of youth, creams, paints, puffs and powders mingled with the waters of the Horserace, to be seen no more. It was lucky for me that going down those two miles of turbulent water, "sports" are warned to sit still for fear of upsetting the canoe, or I might have lost what was left of my ambrosial locks, and it was also my good fortune that the rush of the waters of the Horserace drowns the human voice, but the look she gave me still lingers in my memory.

Where Abol Stream enters the West Branch at the foot of Mount Katahdin, we established a permanent camp, where three weeks were spent hunting, fishing, canoeing, swimming and mountain climbing. There this pale, willowy butterfly of fashion was transformed into a sun-browned, strenuous athlete. As I occasionally meet her to-day on the promenades of the great city, a mother with grown-up daughters—all dressed, not as butterflies of fashion, but as sensible women—she often tells me, amid laughing reminiscences of our trip, that the turning point in

her life for health and happiness was when she took the grandest canoe trip in the world—down the eighty miles of the West Branch of the Penobscot, from Moosehead Lake to Norcross.

V.

THE OBLITERATION OF A "FIRST IMPRESSION."

My reception at Connors, New Brunswick, when I made my first canoe trip down the Allagash, will forever linger in my gray matter. I made the trip with my brother-in-law, Dr. Hazelton. We had no guides. On account of doing all the work, we looked more like tramps than "sports." We reached Connors about 4 P.M. on a certain Saturday and we decided to spend Sunday there.

We "took out" just below the hotel. Leaving the canoe and dunnage on the shore, the doctor started for the hotel to make the necessary arrangements, and I for the telegraph office to let our families know that we had safely breasted the wilds of the Allagash. While I was at the telegraph office, the doctor interviewed the hotel proprietor. From his questions and remarks, the doctor saw something was the matter. At first the proprietor said the hotel was full. He wanted to know who was the guide—where our canoe was. He finally said that he might find a place for us. This conversation took place on the piazza of the hotel in the presence of many of the guests. The doctor asked him what was the matter; before the landlord could explain, I hove in sight. I had three weeks' growth of beard. I did most of the cooking on the trip, and from my shirt collar to the tip end of my moccasins was a sample of every menu card since we left Northeast

Carry. As the doctor saw me coming toward the hotel with a gait that showed that "tired feeling," and with a generally Bowery-bum appearance, he could see our chances of getting into that hotel fast fading away. After further argument, the landlord consented to show us a room in the attic.

It Tastes Better in Closed Time.

The doctor had shaved that morning, so his countenance would pass. I hunted up the barber shop. I was somewhat solicitous whether the barber would undertake the job, so the first thing I did was to shove a dollar bill into the tonsorial artist's palm. During the progress of the shave I learned the reason why the landlord gave us the

cold shoulder. It seems he thought we were lumbermen. The barber told me some lumbermen stopped there some time before and left behind a prolific stock of lice, and the house now drew the line on lumbermen. When I returned to the attic, I told the doctor the wherefore of our reception. We resolved then and there to show the landlord and

Chase's Carry.

his guests that a canoeist while running Chase's Carry, Twin Brook and Nigger Brook rapids is not expected to be decked out in a swallow-tailed coat and a stove-pipe hat.

In our grips we had suits of clothes that would not be out of place along Fifth Avenue. Like the girl who was expecting her beau, we donned our best. The supper bell rang. The landlord, at the request of some of the guests,

intended to side-track us into the kitchen. As we entered the dining-room, the landlord nearly had a fit. Instead of "lousy lumbermen," his guests were Broadway swells. We were shown seats at the right and left hand of the head of the table. We were the "star boarders" from that time out. That night we camped in the bridal chamber instead of in the attic. The next day, at the invitation of the proprietor, we attended an excursion to Temiscouata Lake and were the lions of the occasion. We generously tipped all the help around the hotel, and when we departed on the train for Fort Kent the guests and the whole hotel force, from the boss to the boot-black, were at the depot to see us off. We thought the landlord never would get through apologizing for his action, and no doubt the sequel to our entrance into Connors smoothed the way for many a weary, unkempt canoeman who followed in our wake.

VI.

LIFE AT A SPORTING CAMP.

Were I to live as long as Methuselah, the delightful summer I passed at Nelson McNaughton's camp on Schoodic Lake, Maine, would not fade from my memory. The camp consisted of a large building in which we took our meals and several smaller camps near by. We were lucky to obtain one of the small camps built of cedar logs, containing four rooms, one with a fireplace. From its portico we could look over a beautiful lake into the jungle beyond. Across the lake was a sandy beach where we bathed, and often saw the frisky deer frolicking along the shore.

What a rest one gets at a sporting camp! What a change from the rush, roar and rattle of the great city! Dress as you like, roam at will through the ever-fragrant, health-giving woods, or paddle your own canoe over a lake well stocked with the finny tribe. What a pleasure it was to meet people who had laid aside the cares of business for pleasure bent! What an appetite and what refreshing sleep come to a guest of a sporting camp! The epicure who thinks that at a sporting camp he will have to live in a hovel and subsist on "sow-belly," will be agreeably disappointed. The cottage we occupied was as neat and clean as the apartment of a first-class hotel. Iron bedsteads with spotless linen and a mattress on the level, not crescent shaped, were among the furnishings. How uncom-

fortable is the bed with the head and foot higher than the center. The culinary department of the sporting camp equaled that of any restaurant from the Battery to the Bronx. The waitresses were French, and their accent gave a kind of "parlez-vous Français" flavor to the viands.

The guests of the sporting camp were counterparts to

Where the Sportsman Loves to Linger.

those you find in the average city boarding-house. The man was there who talks all the time, and the one who is a good listener. In the corner sat the quiet gentleman who had hunted the State over, had canoed down the West Branch and the Allagash, was an expert caster of the line, and a true sportsman in every sense of the word. In the "center of the stage" swaggered the citizen who never tired

telling anybody who would listen to him of the herds of moose and deer he had slaughtered, what a crack shot he was, yet who couldn't hit a barn unless he was inside of it with the doors closed and the cracks battened. The old lady whom everybody liked, and the sensible girl who wears well, were in evidence. The head of the table was monopolized by the gossipy, middle-aged "gal" who tried to appear girlish, dressed and painted to kill, ready to marry any man in or out of sight, and who disgusted everybody, and finally had to fall back on the attachés of the house for any attention at all. Scattered here and there were guides, who listened—and inwardly chuckled—to the impossible stories of a tenderfoot, and last, but not least, in striking contrast to the dyspeptic individual who kicks at everything and tries to sour everybody around him, was the fat, jovial fellow who is always in good humor, has a joke for everybody, the sunshine of the camp.

Generally at sporting camps there is lots of literature lying around. Among other books at "Mc's" were several depicting the pleasures of camping out. Two school teachers from Brooklyn, N. Y., got so enthusiastic over the camping-out subject that they could not talk of anything else. They finally prevailed on several of the guests to join them in a camping-out expedition. None of the eighteen who composed the party had ever camped out except one, a doctor from New Bedford, Mass. As a matter of fact, the only camping out he ever did was when a guide did all the work; yet to hear him tell it, what he didn't know about handling a canoe, pitching tents and the like, wasn't worth knowing.

For a week before the expedition started nothing was talked of but camping out; in fact, they all got so enthusiastic about it that some of them couldn't sleep, nor would

they let anybody else. One of the guests happened to mention a book he once read, "In the Glow of the Camp Fire," and the title caused the school-marms from Brooklyn to fairly yell with delight. The doctor from New Bedford was the great mogul of the outfit and would not listen to a suggestion of McNaughton's that they take a guide along. Mrs. McNaughton worked herself nearly blind, cooking pies, bread and cakes for the crowd, and "Mc" used up all the boxes and bags he had packing grub. The long-looked-for hour arrived. On rather a hot afternoon the eighteen enthusiasts in eight canoes, loaded down with tents, guns, fishing-tackle, and no experience, amid songs, laughter and waving of handkerchiefs, passed down the historic waters of Schoodic Lake for a week's camping out. As they took their departure a camera fiend from Keyport, N. J., got a snapshot of them.

The departing delegation was not aware that there is a "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" to camping out as well as to every other undertaking. As none of the campers knew anything about handling a canoe, their progress was slow. Four o'clock found them selecting a camping-ground. They looked to the doctor from New Bedford for the solution of all problems. After unloading the canoes, instead of taking them out of the water, carrying them up the bank and turning them bottom up, they left them partially in the water, tied to bushes. There were three tents, one for the ten ladies, one for the eight "sports," and a toilet tent. The doctor gave the directions for the procuring of the necessary material for setting up the tents. He got the forks and the ridge-poles up all right, but he neglected to tighten the guys. The supper was eaten and, as the sun sank midst the forest, the camp fire was lighted. How they all enjoyed their first experience around

a camp fire! Tired nature at last asserted itself. Shortly after the ladies retired they called to the doctor that some insects were biting them. "I will fix that." The doctor had heard of a smudge, but had had little experience therewith. The doctor's smudge turned into a fire which spread to the blankets and the tent, and the ladies had hardly time to grab their clothes and get out before the tent went down. The boys gave up their tent to the ladies, the former having the canopy of heaven for a covering.

The camp was again quieting down when one could hear the low rumbling of distant thunder. Lightning began to flash across the horizon. A fast-increasing wind was swaying the trees. White-caps were forming over the lake. As raindrops began to fall the storm burst in all its fury. With a yell from the female contingent, down came the tent, with the girls under it. The tent was with difficulty pulled off of them. Standing behind trunks of trees for protection, the campers passed the balance of the night. As daylight came, what a wreck was before them! Everybody was wet to the skin and so thoroughly disgusted they decided to return home. They went down to the lake for the canoes, and the sight nearly drove them distracted. Six of the canoes had been smashed on the rocks, and the other two they could see out on the lake, partially submerged. The question arose how would they return. By the shore of the lake, heading bogs, etc., it would have been at least ten miles. Notwithstanding that the doctor had proven himself "N.G.," they seemed still to have confidence in him, so when he suggested that they take a short cut through the woods to the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad, they acted on the suggestion. Following the doctor resulted in their getting lost in the woods.

McNaughton had spent many years in the woods and

on the lakes of Maine, and had seen storms and "Smart Alecks" before, so after breakfast he invited me to go with him and see how the campers had weathered the storm. Down the shore of the lake we slowly paddled along. We had covered about five miles when the keen eye of McNaughton saw something floating on the lake that didn't seem to

"Admiral" McNaughton and His Fleet.

his liking. "Mc" paled when he came up to one of his canoes filled with water and another, near by, bottom up. We both thought a tragedy had taken place. Something along the shore attracted our attention. A chill went up and down "Mc's" vertebræ as he saw, scattered along the shore, the wreckage of many of his best canoes. A short distance from where we landed we came to the camp of the

night before. In all my days I never saw such a sight. The tent was a tangled mass of canvas, poles and mud. The bread, pies and cakes that poor Mrs. McNaughton had nearly burned her eyes out to prepare were a mass of mud and dough. Boxes of provisions, blankets, clothing, fishing-tackle and the like, littered the ground. "Mc," after viewing the wreck, turned to me with the remark, "Where in 'Sam Hill' are they?"

We soon found their trail. It was easily followed, not only by their tracks, but by the cast-off ballast. The trail reminded me of a New York expression—"crooked as Pearl Street." Pearl Street, New York, was once a cow-path, and when built upon the buildings followed the winding cow-path. It almost doubles on itself. It intersects Broadway twice. A common remark of a New Yorker when giving his opinion of a trickster is, "He is as crooked as Pearl Street." After an hour of trailing, "Mc" got sight of his guests. Coming up to them, the women were crying and the men swearing. As soon as the ladies saw the tall form of the "Sage of Schoodic" approaching they came for him with a rush, and if ever a man got a hugging, "Mc" got it then and there. They threw their arms around his neck, crying and kissing, until, under the pressure, "Mc" went down with the women on top of him in all kinds of shapes. I have attended many vaudeville performances and admired the display of woman's charms, but the show on Schoodic Lake when "Mc" went down capped them all. They were a sorry, bedraggled-looking crowd. No one would have believed that it was the same party who had so gayly left "Mc's" the day before.

After we got McNaughton out of a mass of tangled lingerie, a council of war was held, consisting of "Mc." He decided to strike out for the B. and A. tracks, two

miles away. Looking at his watch he saw he had time to get to the track before the way freight going north came along. He led the procession, I acting as rear guard. When I was a cow puncher on the plains there was always some steer in the bunch making trouble, and who would not behave until you went after him with a rawhide and winded him. The doctor from New Bedford reminded me of that steer. We never heard him after that expedition telling what he thought he knew about what he didn't know. "Mc" flagged the freight train. On the way from the station to the camp, the same camera fiend from Keyport, N. J., who caught the crowd before they left, got a shot at them on the return, and every new arrival at "Mc's" asks for an explanation of the two pictures, "Before" and "After," which hang on the wall of the reception-room at "Lakeside Camps."

VII.

THE REFORMATION.

One is always getting into trouble who talks too much. While I was dining at Rector's one evening in the merrie month of May, I got a little too enthusiastic over a canoe trip I had made the summer before down the East Branch of the Penobscot. My descriptive powers seemed at their best, and I never let up until I had told the whole story, from Northeast Carry to Grindstone. There were three at the table besides myself. Two of the gentlemen I knew very well, the third, an acquaintance of one of them, was one of those unfortunate individuals—that is, I consider them unfortunate—who were born rich. He was a young man about twenty-five, was a member of several exclusive clubs, and spent his time sauntering along upper Broadway decked out in English apparel, with a voice imitating a London swell, entertained the chorus—was, in fact, what our friend Roosevelt would brand as an "undesirable citizen."

Imagine my surprise as this gilded youth entered my office the next morning. I asked him to be seated. On being answered in the negative to an inquiry on his part if smoking was offensive to me, he pulled out a cigarette-case, offering me one, which was declined.

"Mr. Staunton, your description, by Jove! of that blooming canoe trip last evening at Wector's so interested me

that I cawled to see—ah—if I could persuade you to take me ovar the ground, don't you know."

That was what I got for talking too much. I could think of nothing more unpleasant than to be in the company of that cockney for the time it would take to make the trip. If it hadn't been that the gentleman who introduced me to him the night before was one of my best clients, I would have decidedly said "No." How hard it is to learn to say no! What a small word it is, yet how seemingly hard to pronounce! I began to make excuses. I spoke of neglected business; inability to finance such an undertaking; rheumatic tendencies; sickness in the family; and I don't remember now all I did or didn't say, but there was no complaint he didn't have a panacea for. He offered to pay all the expenses and reimburse me for any business I might lose, and I could take along any of my friends. The poor devil offered so much and hung on so long that I didn't have the heart to turn him down. We finally got down to figures, and before he left the office I had his check for $2,500. It was understood that we were not to leave on our trip until the middle of July, and I will give the Fifth Avenue dude the credit of having the good sense to keep away from my office until the time of departure was near at hand. The day after I got the $2,500 I called up two of my friends to meet me at Delmonico's, on Beaver Street, and take lunch, as I had struck something rich and wanted their assistance. The fellows I selected were two jovial, all-round sports of good family, and who had more brains than business and were ready for anything. They entered into the scheme with glee and agreed to help me give the young man the time of his life, and, in the language of the street, "a run for his money."

About two weeks before our departure I was visited at

my office by a richly gowned, elderly lady, who proved to be the young man's mother. Her visit changed my plans with regard to my intentions toward her son. Instead of giving him the time of his life, I hoped as a result of her entreaties to show her son that there was something else than Broadway, the gambling-room of an Atlantic liner and the gay resorts of London town. His dear mother, with tears in her eyes, told me of her fears for his future, and was glad that he was going away, even temporarily, from the haunts of the great city and his gay companions. The day after his mother called, I again by appointment met the two friends, and, like true sportsmen, they consented to do all they could to help in the reformation. I afterward learned that his mother was at the bottom of his first visit to me. He had told her of my story at Rector's, and it was she who prevailed upon him to make the call.

As the "Horatio Hall" of the Maine Steamship Company was blowing her whistle on a hot afternoon in July as a signal to "clear for action," there rolled on to Pier 32, East River, a coach containing my cockney friend, the two all-around sports, and the reformer *ad interim*. Stalking around the deck of the "Hall" got rather tiresome for the young clubman, and he proposed that we retire to one of the staterooms for a quiet game of draw. Instead, I invited him to my stateroom for the first lesson in the reformation. I proposed then and there that he cut out the English accent. I told him we were going among a class of people different from what he had been accustomed to, and I didn't want him and our party to be made a laughing-stock. I told him it would be a great relief to me and my friends if he would drop that cockney accent and go back to the language he had been taught—good old United States. His first impulse was to get "hot under the col-

This is He, "Ah, There!"

lar" at such a proposition, but, after reasoning with him, he finally consented. Before we got to Portland he was getting back to his mother tongue, and my first effort in

the reformation was a success. As we rounded Cape Elizabeth I told the young man that there was a law in Maine making it a misdemeanor for any male of age to part his hair in the middle. He retired to his stateroom and returned with his hair parted according to Hoyle. I also told him that a fellow once went into the Maine woods with a monocular glass and a moose took after him and ran him down. He took the hint. On our arrival at Portland he wanted to stop over a day at the Lafayette and give a swell dinner to our party and engage a box at the theater. I told him we had only money enough to carry us through and that we couldn't get a check cashed in the town. Instead of a private dining-room at the Lafayette, it was the lunch counter at the Union Depot. There is where he got his first lesson in economy. I tried to impress the economy habit on him, and was not aware that I had made an impression until a little occurrence later on at Kineo.

Upon our arrival at Greenville Junction we met the guides I had engaged. Here we purchased our wearing apparel and provisions. Here this Broadway swell laid aside his London clothes for the woodsman's attire. It was about as hard a thing for him to do as it is for the new arrival at Sing Sing prison to don the stripes. Upon our arrival at Kineo, where the boat stopped for dinner on its way to Northeast Carry, I told the boys here was our last chance to get a square meal, and I proposed that we take everything from soup to toothpicks. To the utter astonishment of all of us, my charge put in a veto, remarking that it was a waste of money; that ham sandwiches were good enough for him. My two old New York sports wouldn't stand for that kind of a deal. Preachers, as a general rule, don't practice what they preach, and possibly the young man proposed to try my mettle, but I didn't flinch; so while

the young man and I sat on the boat sampling ham sandwiches and water, the two old sports were in the dining-room of the Kineo House washing down terrapin on toast with Piper Heidsieck. That is where the boys got one on me.

A thunderstorm that lasted until dark necessitated our stopping overnight at the Winnegarnock, at Northeast Carry. There these all-around sports got the shock of their lives. They overlooked the fact that Maine was a prohibition State and that water was to be the beverage from now out. They went for me for not providing for that contingency, and they would have given up the trip then and there if I hadn't informed them that at Mattagamon, which was only a short distance away, they could get all they wanted, but I didn't say what of—and that is where I got one on them. That night I explained to the guides the object of the expedition. I told them the young man had never earned a dollar nor done a day's work in his life, and I wanted them to give him something to do. I told them to tell him that all they carried over the carries was the canoe and their own stuff, and that each party must carry his own personal belongings, and not to refuse if he offered to chop wood or help them in any way; in fact, rub it into him.

The thunderstorm had cleared the atmosphere, the wind had veered around to the north, and we breathed that invigorating air, which only one who has been in the great North Woods can appreciate. I began to find myself in a two-faced position. My two sporting friends began to chafe at turning the trip into a school of instruction, but after we crossed the carry and started down the picturesque waters of the West Branch, with that health-giving air filling their lungs, and the novelty of the situation their

minds, they began to realize what a canoe trip was over the waters of Maine, and were very thankful that the opportunity was before them of participating in such a delightful adventure. The two sports, for the first time in many a moon, had gone twenty-four hours without a Manhattan cocktail, and the Broadway swell without a Santa Cruz sour, something neither of them thought a possibility. In due course of time we arrived at Pine Stream Falls, or what was once a falls before they raised the waters of Chesuncook Lake. Here we were to camp for the night. Never before had any of the boys sat around a camp fire, and they enjoyed it thoroughly.

The next morning my charge was bewailing the loss of his barber and his bath-tub. I told him it would improve his looks to let his whiskers grow, and, so far as the bath was concerned, the waters of the rivers and lakes of Maine were away ahead of Croton, both for purity and volume.

Upon our arrival at Mud Pond Carry we struck a piece of hard luck. On account of a breakdown in connection with the outfit that totes "sports" over the carry, we were compelled to make it ourselves. There is one thing that can be said of a New Yorker, as a general rule, he is a good loser. If he was otherwise, he would not last long on Manhattan Island. But what spenders! Not only have they by their extravagance demoralized their own country, but other countries as well. As we were loaded up to cross the carry, my charge dryly remarked that we looked more like immigrants just landed at Ellis Island than New York bloods.

On our arrival at Mud Pond, there stood six moose ready to receive us. None of my companions had ever seen a moose before. One of the sports remarked that such a sight was worth alone the price of admission. We camped

that night on Telos Lake, where I intended to tarry a while and take the boys over to Sourdnahunk Lake for a fishing trip. I learned there that a guide can make or spoil a trip. The guides entered into the spirit of the occasion. The remark that one of the all-around sports made when we lunched at Delmonico's came true: "We will give him the time of his life and a run for his money." But it was a different kind of a "time of his life" than was meant when the remark was made. I have done lots of fishing in Maine, but the three days we spent on Sourdnahunk and the little ponds in that locality were the most successful. We returned to Telos with as fine a string of fish as ever "came down the pike." On our return to Telos, one of the guides said he was going to take a bath. As he said the word bath, the two sports looked at him with astonishment. They had heard the pronunciation of the soft "a" by swells along the Great White Way, but its use by a guide in the wilds of Maine was something they couldn't fathom.

At Telos there was a good head of water, and we made the run through the canal and down Webster Stream without the usual difficulties. At Mattagamon, on Grand Lake, we got our mail. We spent two days in camp there, the time being passed reading the newspapers and answering our letters. At Mattagamon I decided never again to have any mail forwarded to me until the end of the trip. The information that our letters conveyed in a measure marred the balance of the trip. Until our arrival at Mattagamon, while we were communing with nature, everything was delightful, but as soon as we came in touch with civilization—our mail—our troubles began. A letter conveyed the information to me that the Court of Appeals had handed down a decision that knocked me out of a fee of $2,000. Both of my sporting friends got similar

letters; stocks in which they were both interested were off $30 per share. But the most disgusted one in the bunch was the young man. He was notified of the death of an uncle from whom he had expected a cool million or two, but, instead, he had been left, as the young man put it, "only the income on one million dollars." I don't believe I would have set up much of a howl if I had been left an assured income of $50,000 per year.

The East Branch, from Grand Lake to Grindstone, is a battle between water and rocks; one continuation of falls. There this young man realized what was meant by hard work. From Grand Lake to Bowlin Falls it was one continuous performance of loading, tramping and unloading, "backing and filling," so to speak. No wonder the suggestion of the East Branch trip makes a guide shudder. It did me good to see the alcohol being tried out of those two old sports. If any reader of this article has a friend in need of trying out, take him down the East Branch, and I will guarantee if he is alive when he reaches Bowlin Pitch he will be devoid of all foreign matter.

Upon our arrival at Grindstone we again put on our Sunday-go-to-meetings, they having been shipped from Greenville Junction. When I tried to put on again what was a loosely fitting pair of shoes, it seemed as if I was shoving my feet into a vise. Three weeks of moccasins had given my feet a chance to expand. We ridicule the Chinese women for compressing their feet, and the society girl her waist, but how about ourselves? Will we ever dress comfortably? I can recommend moccasins as the best corn-cure in the market to-day.

While we were in camp at Hulling Machine Falls, after everything had quieted down for the night, I received a call from the young man. He excused himself for

The Author.

calling on me at so late an hour. He came to thank me for taking him on the trip and the advice I had given him. He said it had given him a chance to think over what a fool he had been, and on his return to the city he proposed to be a man. He spoke about his uncle's will and its reflection on himself, and he was determined to show his kith and kin that he could be trusted. On his return to the city he acted on the oft-expressed wish of his father to become a member of his firm, and to-day he is one of New York's most successful and respected merchants. If one should drop into Rector's at each recurring birthday of this once gilded youth, he would see sitting at a table, celebrating the event, the now respected merchant, the same two all-around sports, and your humble servant.

These young men who are born with a silver spoon in their mouths, too indolent to follow a business calling, and who by a display of wealth demoralize the youth of both sexes, should, like the convict, be isolated with their kind, so they would no longer be a source of anxiety to their parents, a nuisance to those with whom they come in contact, and a menace to the State.

THE END.

Where the Sportsman Loves to Linger.

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